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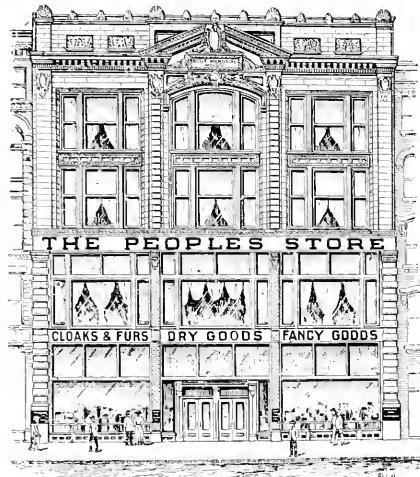
Gc 977.202 F77fLz 1902
Fort Wayne High School
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R E U B E N S . P A T T E R S O N

G R I N D S

KINNAIRD (in literature)—Don't you think Banquo was a kind of a two-faced fellow?

MR. McMILLEN—That depends upon the way you look at him.

MR. PRICE—Why is Greenland called what it is?

MARTHA PIERCE—Because the people don't know anything.

MR. PRICE—if that were the case, we'd have a great many Greenlands.

MISS HULL (in literature)—Cherubims are cherubs—just little ones, you know.

GEORGE THORWARD (translating Vergil)—I drenched his speech with my ears.

BOB. KINNAIRD—Grace, Grace, you have a sweet face.

GRACE SMITH (who had taken some lime-water in her mouth)—I have some lime-water in my mouth.

MR. CROWE—That is good for babies.

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PRICE—What are the Doldrums?

CHARLOTTE HABERKORN—Overgrown hurricanes.

MISS McCULLOUGH (in history)—They formed a court to try all murder cases, except homicides.

NITA HEYMAN—No one was happy, till he died well.

JUNIOR GIRL (translating German)—He looked into the gentle eyes of the maiden.

SECOND JUNIOR GIRL (interrupting)—Mr. von Kahlden, I don't see any sense in that!

CLARA OWEN (translating German)—The fire roared like a contented cat.

MISS WELCH—He became the wife of his own mother.

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**The High
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HOWARD SWERINGEN (translating "Amandus sum")—I
deserve to be loved.

MISS SPERRY—That's right, Howard.

MR. LANE—The geometry class will take the next twenty
lines in the third oration against Catiline.

McMILLEN—Who applauded the speech of the priest?

TITUS—Those that weren't there.

MISS KOLB (to history class)—You can raise down
the windows or lower up the blinds.

H. WAGENHALS (in literature)—In the sixteenth century
London had a wall around it to keep out the Boers.

ROYDEN TIGAR (translating German)—I love you dearly,
sweetest; you are my atmosphere.

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FORT WAYNE, IND.

HENRIETTA STRASS (to Mr. Price)—I can't say those big words you want, I have to explain things in my own simple way.

KINNAIRD—She said she could get her picture taken at the Fruit House.

LOUISE PELLENS—Make the first a triangular square.

LONGACRE (in Periclean meeting)—I make a move that we render a program on the last Friday before vacation after school takes up. (He gets confused—grows red and sits down mid wild applause).

MISS SPERRY—What's the matter, Mr. Porter?

PORTER—We're scrapping over the principle parts of a verb.

KINNAIRD—She began to sob in a low tone.

MISS TUCKEY—In prose we would have “ad.” There's no “ad” here.

LANE—Well, that is odd (“ad”).

DITTOE GROCERY CO.

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AGENT FOR CHASE & SANBORN'S FINE
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MISS SPERRY—He was thoroughly killed.

MISS LITTLEJOHN (in class-meeting, after being nominated for vice-president)—I decline, Mr. Tigar.

TIGAR—Don't worry—I haven't proposed yet.

WILLIAMS (giving principal parts of verb)—Occido—occidere,
occidi—O kiss us (ocissus).

MR. PRICE (analyzing problem, to Hazel Ginty who had been whispering)—What shall we do next?

HAZEL GINTY—Pay attention.

MILDRED MUIRHEAD—Is "love" an intransitive verb?

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1902

ENIAUTON

1902

Published by the Senior Class

VOL. VII

Fort Wayne High School

1932

THE ARCHER PRINTING CO.



FORT WAYNE, IND.



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Dedication:

The book we dedicate to Mr. and Mrs. from whom we have received life and intellect, and who will be always form an essential link in the past which made the publication of "The Persianator" possible. We sincerely trust that this mark of Miallo's regard and devotion will please them wherever they may be.

Greeting:

A friend is a man who
Who does dieing, weep, and
A friend is a state of mind, which
Friends are few, and hard to find,
And few are those, who give us
A friend is a comrade, a brother,
A friend is a confidant,
A friend is a confidante,
If I have a secret, he is the one
And if you do, he is the one, who will tell it to me,
I always go to him, before I do
For, now, he is all I have left,
He is going to be our life's long helper,
He'll be your, my schoolmate, and my best friend,
I shall always be his close friend.

PREFACE ☐ ☐ ☐

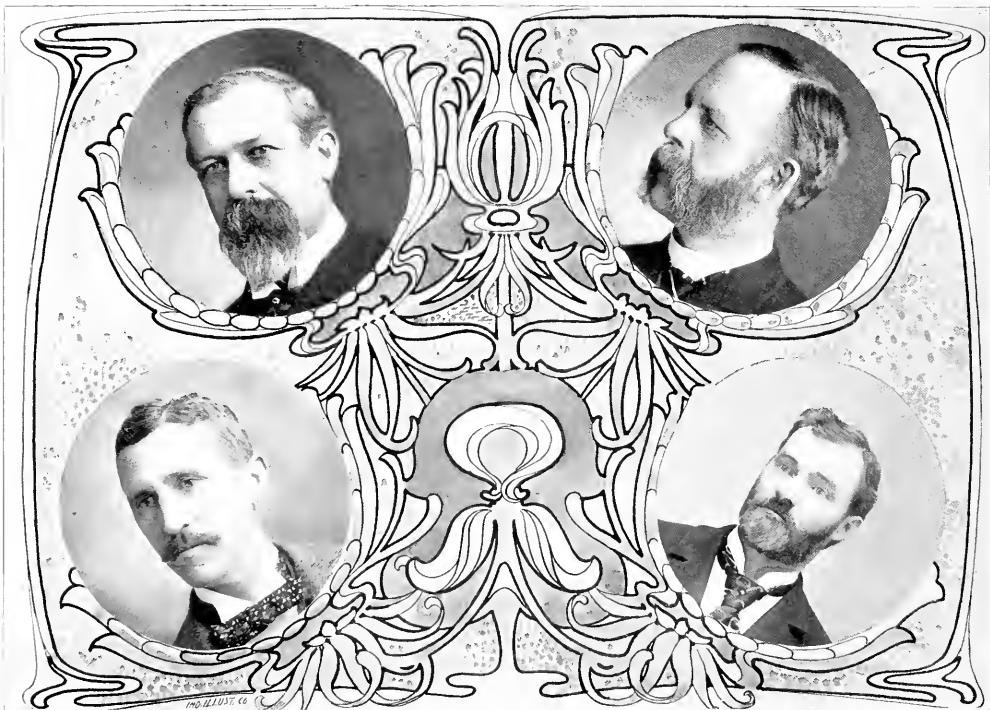
TO THE READING PUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES:

We, the editorial staff of the '02 Eniauton, have awaited the day
when this book reaches you, with great impatience. We realized
that the Eniauton was of such absorbing interest, artistic finish,
and exalted merit that every minute which it was withheld from
you was a flagrant crime for which you would inevitably take
vengeance on us. From anxiety on this score all of us had a
very narrow escape from brain fever and it is due solely to the
lightning speed of the printer who succeeded in getting the book
out six months ahead of the usual time that Fort Wayne still
has its very brightest people left with the convolutions of their
cerebrums as complicated as ever. ☐ Should any thin, long-
visaged critic desire to return this inestimably valuable book, he
may obtain this privilege by depositing one dollar with the
business management. We will be heartily thankful, we assure
him, for his Catonian bluntness and incidentally for his dollar
as well. ☐ We desire to thank all who have given us articles
or illustrations or have aided us in any way in this work. We
now surrender the reader to the tender mercies of the rest of
the Eniauton provided he has any energy left after reading
this "model" preface. ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐



ENIAUTON STAFF 1902

ALBERT H. SCHAAF, Editor-in-Chief
W. PAGE YARNELLE, Assistant Editor-in-Chief
ELIZABETH M. EVANS, Assistant Editor-in-Chief
ROYDEN TIGAR, Business Manager
HERBERT H. WAGENHALS, . . . Assistant Business Manager
ROBERT M. FEUSTEL, Assistant Business Manager
ROBERT N. KINNAIRD, Illustrating Editor
A. GLENN SAWYER, Assistant Illustrating Editor
ALICE H. FOSTER, Society Editress
GRACE M. SMITH, Assistant Society Editress
ZONA HOPKINS, Literary Editress
FAVOR VREELAND, Assistant Literary Editress
ARTHUR W. PARRY, Athletic Editor
ANNA BIDDLE, Calendar Editress
GEORGE THORWARD, Grind Editor



SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS,

JUSTIN N. STUDY,

BOARD OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES,

ALLEN H. HAMILTON, President.

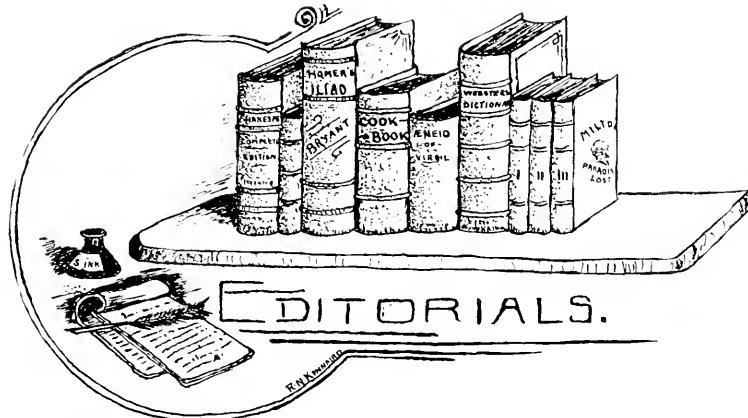
EUGENE B. SMITH, Secretary.

W. W. ROCKHILL, Treasurer.

MISS GRACE WOODWARD, Librarian and Clerk.

CONRAD LIEDOLF, . . . Janitor-in-Chief.

C. FRED LENKER, . . Janitor of High School.



A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

THE editor-in-chief concluded from the characteristics displayed at the staff meetings that should he allow the sub-editors to put much of their work into the Eniauton, it would become so superb that the glory of preceding annuals would be obscured and succeeding classes would drop any further attempt at competition with '02 in despair. As he is a very generous and

broad-minded fellow he did not desire this state of affairs. Accordingly his policy has been to put in only as much of their work as was absolutely unavoidable. If anything of merit has nevertheless crept into the covers of this book, the editor-in-chief washes his hands of all blame and trusts that the Juniors will let out their spite on the sub-editors.

It has been our constant endeavor

to keep the '02 Eniauton free from all remarks that might hurt the feelings of anyone. We sincerely trust that we have succeeded in this, but if not, we have the consolation that we have faithfully tried.

To judge from the number of misspelled words handed in for publication in the Eniauton, it seems very advisable to add spelling to the regular high school course.

THE SOCIAL SPIRIT AT SCHOOL.

WE believe that this side of school has been somewhat neglected at our own beloved field of mental battles which end occasionally in victory and usually in defeat—at least, so the teachers make us think. We believe that the years spent in High School are among the happiest years of our lives. Why not render them still more attractive by strong ties of social fellowship between the students? Of course, numerous fraternities, sororities, etc., exist, but these only wield strong links between the chosen few who make up the membership. We believe that the Periclean Literary Society has started to introduce some healthy interest and social spirit in the student body and sincerely trust it will continue its good work and that other organizations will follow in its foot-steps.

Further development in this direction will, in our opinion, greatly diminish any "rowdy" tendencies that may be present in the student body, due no doubt merely to the exuberance of their

youthful spirits. The marked improvement in this respect during the present year was due to a considerable extent, we think, to the Periclean, which opened a legitimate channel for the escape of surplus steam.

A new and very pleasing feature of the high school is good singing by its chorus. Probably at no time in the history of the school, has the work done by the student prima-donnas, bassos, tenors, etc., reached such a high degree of efficiency as it has now. We think that Professor Miles deserves especial recognition for his success in this line, as well as for his kindness in directing the Glee Club.

We hereby desire to express our warmest thanks to those who have furnished us drawings for our book, viz.: The Misses Hollensleben, Charlotte Habercorn and Donna Saylor, and William Nutting. We realize that illustrations which are at the same time appropriate and well executed, contribute largely to the success of an annual and wish to have the public

know who illustrated our book and that we appreciate their work.

We were highly gratified to learn that Mr. Lane was made president of the classical section of the state at the last convention of Indiana teachers. We know from personal experience that he deserves the honor and wish him a successful administration.

We unequivocally recommend at least a thorough tuning of that venerable ornament of the assembly room commonly called the piano.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE
"OI ENIAUTON."

YOU are probably surprised that we have adopted a shape, color, and size for our annual different from yours in spite of the suggestion in your book to keep these characteristics uniform. We ought, perhaps, to state a reason for disregarding your suggestion. The reason is merely a difference of opinion as to whether the annual is a high school or class memorial. We hold the latter view and have acted accordingly.

IS IT WISE TO CONTINUE THE PUBLICATION OF ANNUALS?

THIS is a question of interest to all high school students and of particular importance to the Juniors. It is the purpose of this article to reveal some facts which may aid them to decide the question wisely.

An Annual is a sort of high school history presenting its material in as interesting and pleasing a way as is possible. An Annual is also a very handsome and appropriate class memorial. This is practically the extent of its uses, unless in addition, it serves to give immortality to all persons whose names appear in its columns.

What does the attainment of these objects cost? The cost of this book in money approximates four hundred and fifty dollars. Two hundred and fifty books are published and thus at one dollar apiece, the proceeds from the book itself would be two hundred and fifty dollars. By herculean efforts, the business managers obtained about two hun-

dred dollars' worth of advertisements. This amount can probably never be obtained again as merchants are heartily tired of this form of advertising. The fraternities and societies, of course, pay for their own pictures. From these figures it can be seen that the very best which we can hope for financially is to "come out even." To accomplish even this, requires the sale of every book, a task which grows more difficult every year for obvious reasons.

The financial aspect, however, of the question is not the only one that ought to be considered. To publish a good book requires a surprisingly large amount of time and work. This, together with the numerous money-making events which distract the minds of Seniors, assuredly make them very busy mortals and are necessarily detrimental to the work at school. Perhaps if these distractions did not occur there would not be so many Seniors on the ragged edge of

failure in their very last year. To make a long story short, the great financial risk that is run, the time and labor that are exacted, the difficulty of being original, the lack of novelty in the enterprise, the many disappointments and unexpected obstacles which arise, all together make a formidable combination of reasons against publishing an Annual. We had no presentation of facts like this to guide us in our action, or in all probability this book would not have appeared.

If it is desired to keep a short record of High School events, a cheap, paper bound booklet could be published which would answer the purpose, furnish practically the same experience, exact less time and work, and afford far better chances of financial success.

Should succeeding classes decide not to publish an Annual we sincerely trust that our book makes a worthy "Last of the Eniautons."

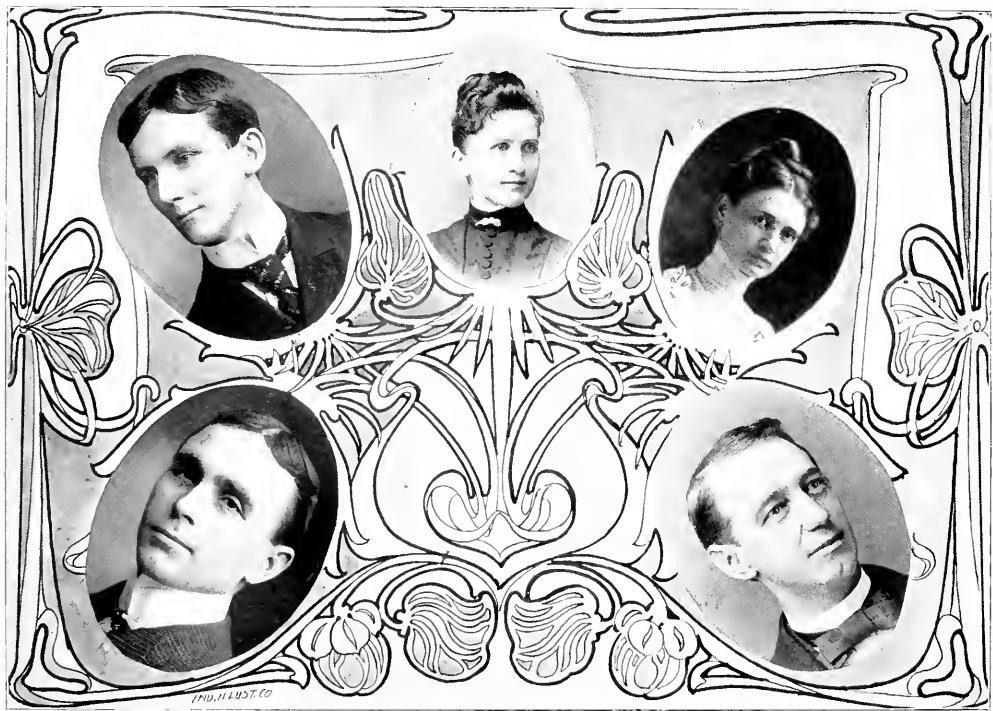


CHESTER T. LANE, A. B.,
Principal.

Latin and Geometry.

Graduated from University of Michigan in 1874.
Immediately became Principal of the Ypsilanti, Mich.,
High School.

Accepted his present position in 1879.



IND. ILLUST. CO

KATHERINE H. BLYNN, A. B.,

Algebra and Higher Mathematics,

Graduated from Indiana University in 1892.

Accepted her present position in 1892.

ALBERT B. CROWE, A. B., A. M.,

Physics and Chemistry.

Graduated from Hanover College in 1893.

Accepted his present position in 1894.

MARY L. JAY, Ph. B.,

Assistant Principal.

Latin and Literature.

Graduated from Mt. Holyoke Seminary.

In 1895 received her Degree from Wesleyan University.

Taught in the High Schools of Carbondale and
Homesdale, Pa.

Accepted her present position in 1888.

H. S. VOORHEES, A. B., M. S.,

Botany.

Graduated from Belmont College in 1884.

Instructor at Belmont College.

Principal of High School at Brookville, Ind.

Accepted his present position in 1901.

JAMES A. PRICE, A. B., A. M.,

Algebra and Physical Geography.

Graduated from Indiana University in 1899.

Accepted his present position in 1899.



J.M. ILLUST. CO. 1892-93.

MARY O. KOLB, A. B.

History and Civil Government.

Graduated from Indiana University in 1898.

Came to the Fort Wayne High School in 1898.

WILLIAM L. MCMILLEN, A. B.,

Graduated from Indiana University in 1896.

Taught at Indianapolis High School.

Instructor at Indiana University.

Accepted his present position in 1898.

F. LOUISE HAMILTON,

English and Composition.

Second Assistant Principal.

Accepted her position at High School in 1890.

BENNO C. VON KAHLDEN,

Latin, Greek and German.

Attended the University of Frieburg.

Graduated from University of Berlin in 1885.

Taught at the Chicago Princeton-Yale Preparatory School

and at Cenwood Preparatory School.

Came to the Fort Wayne High School in 1899.

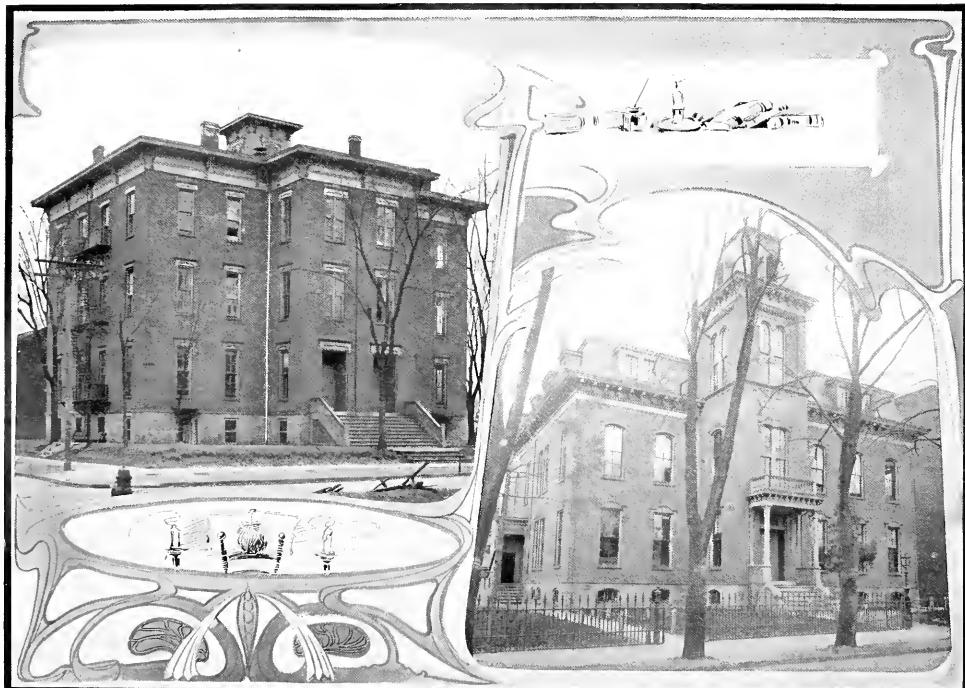
CARRIE N. SPERRY, A. B., A. M.,

Latin.

Graduated from the University of Michigan in 1893.

Taught at Rockford, Ill., High School.

Came to the Fort Wayne High School in 1900.



fort Wayne High School

MOTTO

"Abandon hope, all ye who enter here."

FLOWER : Dandelion.

COLORS : Light Blue and White.

Y E L L S

Zickety Boom. Hurrah. Hurrah!

Zickety Boom. Hurrah. Hurrah!

Hurrab! Hurrab! Fort Wayne High School!

Rab, Rab, Rab!

Rab, Rab, White!

Rab, Rab, Blue!

Fort Wayne High School!

P. D. Q;

Rab, Rab, Blue!

Rab, Rab, White!

Fort Wayne High School!

Out of Sight!

And a Tevo, and a Tivo, and a Tevo, Tivo, Yum,

Go get a rat-trap bigger than a cat-trap,

Go get a rat-trap bigger than a cat-trap, Boom!

Cannibal, Cannibal, Sis-boom-ab!

Fort Wayne High School. Rab, Rab, Rab!

Gloriana, Frangipana, Indiana!

Kazoo, Kazab, Kazoo, Kazab!

F-O-R-T W-A-Y-N-E! Sis-Boo-m-a-ah!

THE PAST AND PRESENT OF THE HIGH SCHOOL

THE following extracts from the recently published report of the principal of the high school will be interesting to our readers: "The Fort Wayne High School was opened in 1862, in the building now occupied by the Jefferson school. On September 5th, 1868, the present high school building was formally dedicated with appropriate exercises. The earnest words that were no doubt spoken on that September afternoon have perished save as an impulse given to those who heard them. The "dedicatory hymn," however, survives in the printed program. The words were written by W. T. Adams and are as follows:

"*Our country, now to thee,
Land of the brave and free,
We consecrate
This temple's lofty walls,
These fair and spacious halls,
That wisdom's answered calls
May keep thee great.*

"*For thee, our glorious land,
May this proud structure stand,
And ever be
Thy children's guiding light,
A tower of wisdom's might,
To bear thy banner bright
Aloft and free.*

"*Great God, the offering bless ;
On every heart impress
The truth sublime,
That wisdom, born of thee,
Handmaid of liberty,
Has been, must ever be,
In every clime.*

"Doubtless the phrases, 'lofty walls,' 'spacious halls,' and 'proud structure' will amuse those who have for some years been looking forward to a new home for the high school, but according to the ideals of the time these phrases were a sincere expression by no means hyperbolical."

"The building was at least 'spacious' enough amply to accommodate the school, for the third floor was equipped as a gymnasium and the first floor was occupied by the training school. The gymnasium was after some years converted into an auditorium and a recitation room for classes in drawing. The training school was abolished in 1886. The ninth grade was made a part of the high school and transferred to the high school building in 1889, a change which, deferred too long by at least ten years, so increased the numbers in the school as to make it necessary to convert the third floor into a session room with adjacent recitation rooms for the ninth grade. Since that time the entire building has been occupied by the high school, and natural growth compelled the building in 1898 of an addition by which a session room, seating about one hundred students, was added, and also three new recitation rooms. The building is now fixed to its utmost capacity and any considerable increase in the enrollment would result in overcrowding."

The report contains a table showing the annual enrollment of the high school from 1879 to 1902 inclusive. The figures of this table show a steady and gratifying increase in attendance especially during the last fifteen years.

"Nothing reveals how greatly the conditions of high school work have changed in the last twenty-five years more clearly than a comparison of programs of study then and now. Then ten-week courses in a great variety of subjects were common, all students were required to take the same subjects and to do the same number of hours work. Failure in two

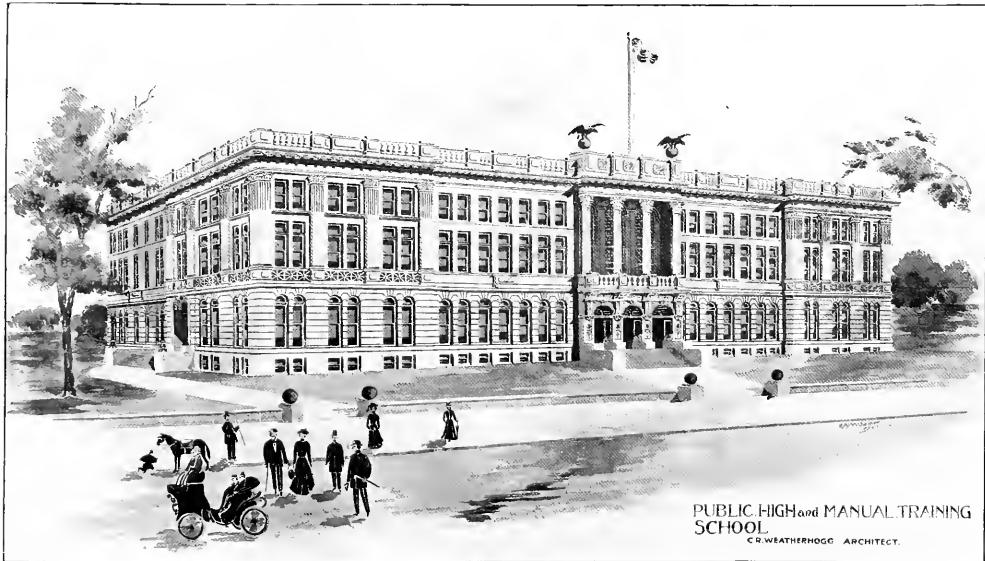
subjects compelled the doing again of all the work of an entire year. To-day, at least a full year's work in any subject that is taken at all is the rule, some freedom is allowed in choice of subjects, no subject satisfactorily completed is required to be repeated because of failure in another subject, the number of hours' work may vary according to the health and ability of the student."

"Along all these lines our High School has moved towards an enlightened practice as discussion and experience have suggested wise changes. We have no delusive ten-week courses in any subject. We do not attempt to cover in four years all the subjects in which man may take an educational interest. We do not assume that all teachers can teach all subjects equally well. We recognize that history and English language and literature are proper subjects of study, and that they require in the instructor wide and accurate knowledge and masterly skill, and that they draw heavily upon the imagination and judgment of the student. We do not therefore set the teacher of history to teach astronomy, and that too with no other apparatus than a string and a blackboard, nor do we assign the work in English as a perfunctory task to unprepared and unwilling teachers. The work of every teacher lies in a limited field for which he has made special preparation. He is liberally supplied with all the essential means of teaching. Our library is ample for our needs and additions are readily made as occasion requires, our department of history is well supplied with maps conveniently arranged, our botanical, physical, and chemical laboratories are equipped in accordance with modern requirements in science teaching. Our laboratories might be more suitably housed, but defects of situation can be remedied only by a better building, of which we live in hope."

"The increase since 1890 has been a trifle more than fifty per cent., while the increase in the population of the city has been during the same period about twenty-seven and one-half per cent. Throughout the United States the percentage of female students in high schools largely exceeds the percentage of males and has been steadily increasing during the last decade. It is gratifying to see that the number of boys in our high school has doubled since 1890 and that their percentage has largely increased. Taking an average of the first three years of the last decade the percentage of boys is thirty-one and eight tenths, while for the last three years it is nearly forty."

The report also gives a list by classes of the graduates of the high school since 1892, who have entered upon a regular collegiate course.

"This list contains the names of eighty-one graduates who have entered upon a regular collegiate course. The total number of graduates during the ten years is 287. Of this number twenty-seven and eighty-seven hundredths per cent. have entered college. At least fifteen more have entered schools of law or medicine and as many more have entered Purdue university or professional schools before graduating from the high school. The report of the United States commissioner of education for 1898-1899 (the last report accessible) shows that of the total number of graduates from public high schools in the United States in 1897-1898, twenty-seven and forty-five hundredths per cent. prepared for college and in 1898-1899, twenty-eight and eighty-five hundredths per cent. The figures of the commissioner include all who prepared for college while those given for our school include only those who have entered college. These figures show beyond question that the impulse toward higher education given by our high school training is strong and enduring."



PUBLIC HIGH AND MANUAL TRAINING
SCHOOL
C. W. WEATHERHOGG ARCHITECT.

THE NEW HIGH SCHOOL

PROF. JUSTIN N. STUDY.

THE erection of the new High and Manual Training School building, of which a cut appears in this book, marks an epoch in the educational progress of the city.

The new building will be a fire-proof structure built of stone and iron, and is intended to accommodate eight hundred pupils—but as is the usual custom, will probably have to accommodate many more before any additions will be made to the building.

The basement will contain closets and heating apparatus. In this part of the building will also be the foundry and forge rooms and the moulding room of the manual training department, lunch rooms for boys and girls and room for storing bicycles.

On the first floor will be the first year study room, the biological laboratory, the wood working and machine rooms and eleven recitation rooms.

On the second floor will be an auditorium seating 1000, study rooms for the second, third, and fourth year pupils, the principal's offices and recitation room, rooms for a commercial course, the library and two general recitation rooms.

On the third floor will be the gallery to the auditorium, the chemical and physical laboratories and lecture rooms, the physiography rooms, the rooms for mechanical and free hand drawing, cooking and sewing rooms.

Closets and lavatories are located on each floor.

The present high school courses will be continued substantially as they are, but additional courses will be arranged to meet the wants of those who wish the manual training in connection with the high school course of study.

In adding these courses to the public high school work the board of school trustees is bringing the educational policy of Fort Wayne in harmony with the spirit of the times.

For many years there has been a growing conviction in the minds of thoughtful men that the educational system, while doing much, was not doing all that should be done for the young people entrusted to its care.

The wonderful material development of the country and the inventions and discoveries of the latter part of the nineteenth century created a demand for a new education. Technological schools sprang up all over the land to meet this demand, with an education that should meet the new conditions of life, and fit men to handle and further develop the newly discovered forces.

These schools have exerted a reflex influence upon secondary education and the sentiment has grown that the best education is that which trains all the faculties instead of a part. This sentiment has brought about the introduction of manual training not only into the secondary school, but also into the elementary school. The subject is no longer one admitting argument. It has passed that stage and the only discussion is as to application.

The new high school, in obedience to the demands of the age, will incorporate the manual training idea and offer, in addition to the courses of study now offered, courses of study embracing a year in wood working, a year in forging, a year in foundry work, and a year in machine fitting. Also four years' work in freehand and mechanical drawing. To these will be added, for girls, work in domestic science. It will not be possible to begin all these at once, as the subjects must be taken up in their logical order and it will therefore be necessary to equip the school, at the beginning, for the first year's work only, in the manual training depart-

ment. It is not the design of a manual training school proper to teach trades as such. The trade school and the manual training school are two distinct conceptions. The one is purely industrial in its aims, the other educational. It is true that the training received from the educational point of view will go far to fit the recipient for any of the leading handicrafts, but that fitting is not the end sought. The development not of the brain alone, but the eye; the hand; the whole man is the aim of the manual training school.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has said: "Book knowledge, lecture knowledge, examination knowledge are in the brain. But work knowledge is not only in the brain, it is in the senses, in the muscles, in the ganglia of the sympathetic nerves—all over the man, as one may say as instinct seems diffused through every part of those lower animals that have no distinct organ as a brain."

The manual training school while it does not immediately teach the boy a trade, yet does many things for him which fit him for the practical needs of life, as the ordinary high school does not.

Among these may be mentioned: First—The nullification of the idea, which too often exists, that manual toil is degrading, that the object of education is to enable one to gain a livelihood by his wits rather than by bodily toil. The boy who has taken his training in a manual training school goes out with a knowledge of the true dignity of labor, such as forever precludes him from the snobbishness of contempt for honest toil.

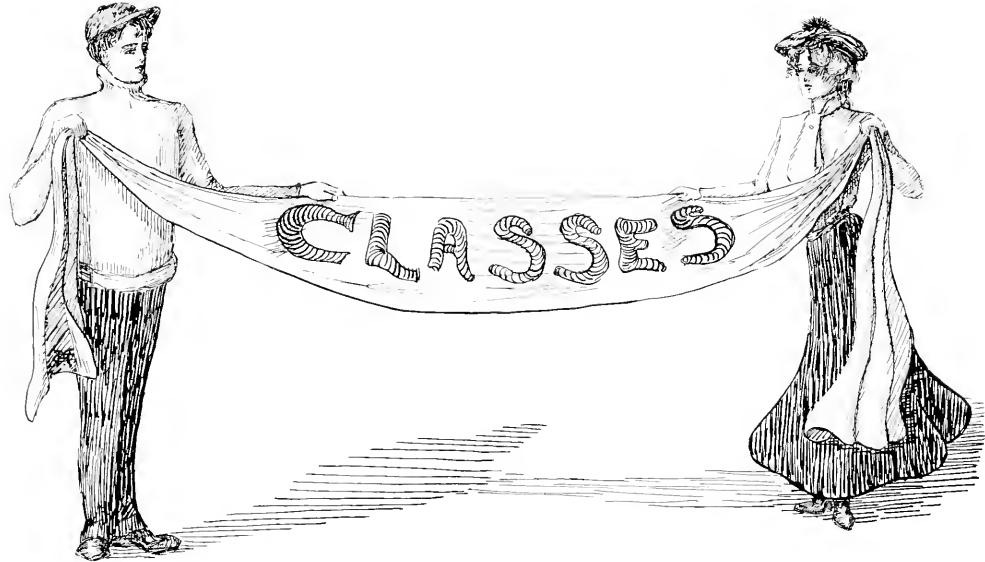
Second—A course in manual training begets habits of accuracy. Slip-shod school work shows in the finished product, and the product stands as an indisputable witness to the fact that the best has been done. The bad joint allows no excuse, it is a most potent protest against slovenliness in method.

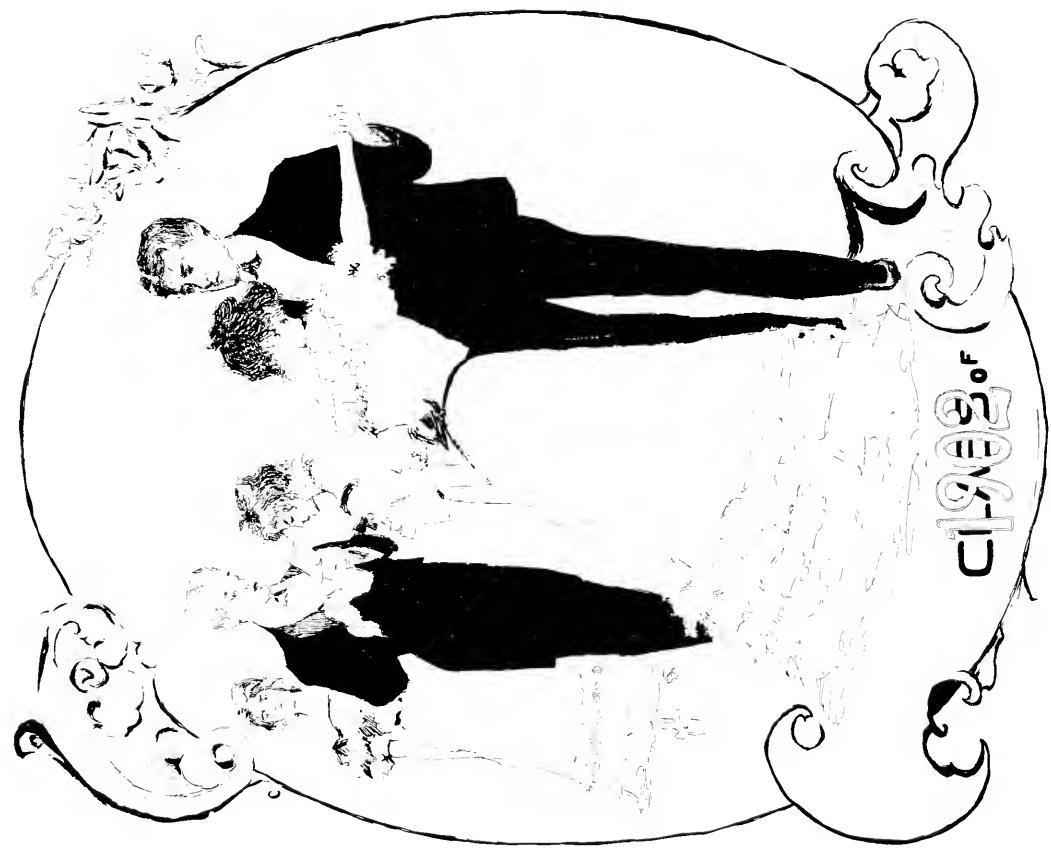
Third—It begets habits of neatness and order, for tools must be kept in order, habits of concentration, for no exercise is continued until it becomes automatic, habits of self-reliance, as his finished product carries in itself evidence of the successful effort.

Fourth—Many to whom the ordinary high school course does not appeal and who, in consequence, abandon school prematurely, will be held by the manual training work until the course of study is completed, giving as it does an opportunity for the exercise of faculties not brought into use in the old course, and bearing, as it does, more directly upon the activities of life.

To bring about the desired result it is important that the department shall be placed under direct charge of one who has been fitted by education and by exercise for the work. Those in charge of classes must also be teachers not mere craftsmen; be able not only to do the things required but also be able to explain the philosophy underlying the processes. In manual training as in all other educational fields, it is the teacher who makes the school—costly equipment and commodious quarters amount to naught in the absence of the capable teacher. The management of the whole school must be in the hands of one principal, however. No one department can, with due regard to good work, be made independent. This has been tried but so far as I know with unsatisfactory results.

A wise principal entrusted with the general management of the school will leave to heads of departments, details with which he cannot presume, or be expected to be acquainted. Responsibility of management, however, must be centered to attain the best results. The manual training school must be a department of the high school and not an independent school, in order that it may do for the school what we hope it will do, viz: increase the attendance; hold the students, and intensify the interest in high school work.





Senior Organization

MOTTO

"Carpe Diem."

COLORS: Navy Blue and Gold.

FLOWER: White Rose.

Y E L L S

*Rab! Rab! Gold!
Rab! Rab! Blue!
Fort Wayne High School!
Nineteen Two!*

*Rab! Rab! Rab!
Rab! Rab! Rab!
Rab! Rab! Rab!
'02!*

O F F I C E R S

ARTHUR W. PARRY, President
AGNES LITTLEJOHN, Vice President
CLARA OWEN, Secretary
W. PAGE YARNELLE, Treasurer

ZONA HOPKINS, Historian
ALICE FOSTER, Poetess
ALBERT SCHAAF, Prophet
ELIZABETH EVANS, . . . Sergeant-at-Arms

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

IT was in the fall of the year 1898, in the festive month of September, that the guardian of the little ones of the third floor cast her eye over a vast unknown quantity. Perhaps it was larger than any other which had ever sat before her. That unknown quantity was the class of 1902. Some of us are pretty well known now. Then we were freshmen; now we are Seniors. Ah!

Our first year of high school life was like most freshmen years—rather uneventful. We drifted aimlessly with the tide, except when some of our older brothers endeavored to take a hand at the helm. However, the class organization, though hindered by many difficulties, guided us through many of the ills of Freshmen life.

Summer came and went and at its close we entered upon the second year of our course. With a large decrease in our number came a dignity more suitable to our advancing years than the childish traits we had displayed the previous year. Our growing abilities were soon appreciated, for we were allowed to take up geometry at the beginning of the second term. There was enrolled a class for the study of Greek, which was larger than any had been for several years.

Aside from our studies we enjoyed many of the sports of high school life. We went about doing good, as some of the '03's will agree. We mingled among them quietly, urging those who were less staid than we were to mend their ways. Let me assure you, gentle reader, this was done in a very kindly spirit. For some reason, however, our missionary efforts were not appreciated. Field day brought pleasant surprises to all; members of '02 won first and third honors.

When the old school bell again sent its merry chimes ringing to our ears, enough of us answered its call to make an averaged sized class and give everybody no end of trouble. As the thought occurred to us again and yet again, that in a short time we should be Seniors, we purchased our class pins so that we might have a foretaste of that proud, superior feeling which we were soon to assume.

Many of our members witnessed the graduating exercises of the class of '01. Truly it was under no

favorable auspices that it made its appearance on life's battlefield. The class sat before us, each member displaying his pleasantest smile, when lo! Jupiter hurled a score of his thunder bolts towards the earth. The place shook to its very foundations. The heavens flashed with fire. The gods were displeased. As the fury of that awful storm broke over their heads those proud Seniors saw our glorious streamers of gold and blue floating triumphantly before them. Very prudently they acknowledged their defeat. The battle was over. The gods were appeased by their humiliation. Thus is it ever with the proud.

Now, "we are the people?"

In various ways the general public has become acquainted with us. We rank among our numbers some of the most active and influential members of the Periclean Debating society. Our class is also well represented in the Glee Club and it is a well known fact that the Seniors are the source of whatever harmonious sounds come from the club. The principal cause, however, of our prominence is "The Professor's Discovery," which was played by the senior class. This play established beyond all doubt that our class is the most remarkable that ever crossed the threshold of the high school. What others had not even thought of we carried to a successful conclusion.

Our pleasant high school days will soon be over. Perhaps many will sigh with relief when they have "passed" successfully; but many more will sigh with regret when the last happy days have passed forever. To tell whence we all came on that first day would be a difficult task; where we are going, who of us can tell? Our senior history is in process of construction. We have been laying the foundations (we hope they are firm) for this all these long years. Some, at their departure from that kind old school, will begin their building immediately. Others will make the foundations more secure by more years of study.

*On the morrow. Ah! The dread to-morrow—
We shall leave these happy scenes,
Bid farewell to student dreams.*



INDUSTRIAL
INSTITUTE

MAUD MURRAY,

English-German Course.
Coterie.

ARTHUR GLENN SAWYER,

English-German Course.
Assistant Illustrating Editor, '02 Eniauton.
Phi Alpha Psi.

ZONA HOPKINS,

Latin-German Course.
Literary Editress, '02 Eniauton.
Historian, '01-'02.

ARTHUR WAYNE PARRY,

Classical Course.
Athletic Editor, '02 Eniauton.
Class President '01-'02.
Delta Sigma Nu.
Baseball Team '01.
Football Team '01, and Manager.
Glee Club and Periclean.

ROBERT NEWELL KINNAIRD,

English-German Course.
Illustrating Editor, '02 Eniauton.
Phi Alpha Psi.

RAY GROSJEAN,

Latin-German Course.
Periclean Literary Society.

AGNES THOMPSON LITTLEJOHN,

Latin-German Course.



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Latin-German Course.
Coterie.

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Latin-German Course.
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Phi Alpha Psi.
'01 Football Team

ELIZABETH MORRIS EVANS,

Classical Course.
Assistant Editor-in-Chief, '02 Eniauton.
Class Secretary, '98-'99.
Gamma Delta Tau.

MERA ELLEN FOX,

Latin Course.

ALICE HARRISON FOSTER,

Classical Course.
Society Editress, '02 Eniauton.
Class Poetess, '98-'99, '99-'00, '01-'02.
Vice President, '00-'01.
Gamma Delta Tau.

ROBERT M. FEUSTEL,

English-German Course.
Assistant Business Manager, '02 Eniauton.
Periclean Literary Society.
Glee Club.

EDITH JOSEPHINE FOSTER,

Latin-German Course.
Coterie.



IND. ILLUSTR.

178078

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Latin Course.

PEARL EDNA BOND,

English-German Course.
Coterie.

GEORGIA LOUISE DAVIS,

Latin Course.

ANNA BIDDLE,

Latin-German Course.
Calendar Editress '02 Eniauton.

ERMA DOCHTERMANN,

Classical Course.
Coterie.

BESSIE CONNER,

Latin Course.



INDUSTRIAL
IMAGES

FAVOR BOWEN VREELAND,

English-German Course.

Class Poetess, '00-'01.

Assistant Literary Editress, '02 Eniauton.
Coterie.

WILLIAM C. SCHADEN,

English-German Course.

ALPHEA STOCKBRIDGE,

Classical Course.

GEO. THEODORE THORWALD,

Latin-German Course.

Grind Editor, '02 Eniauton.

Class Historian, '98-'99, '00-'01.

Kappa Alpha Phi

'01 Baseball Team.

'01 Football Team

Periclean Literary Society.

Glee Club.

JESSIE LORETTA TUCKEY,

Latin-German Course.

Coterie.

M. GRACE SMITH,

Latin-German Course.

Assistant Society Editress, '02 Eniauton.

Gamma Delta Tau.

ALBERT H. SCHAAF,

Latin Course.

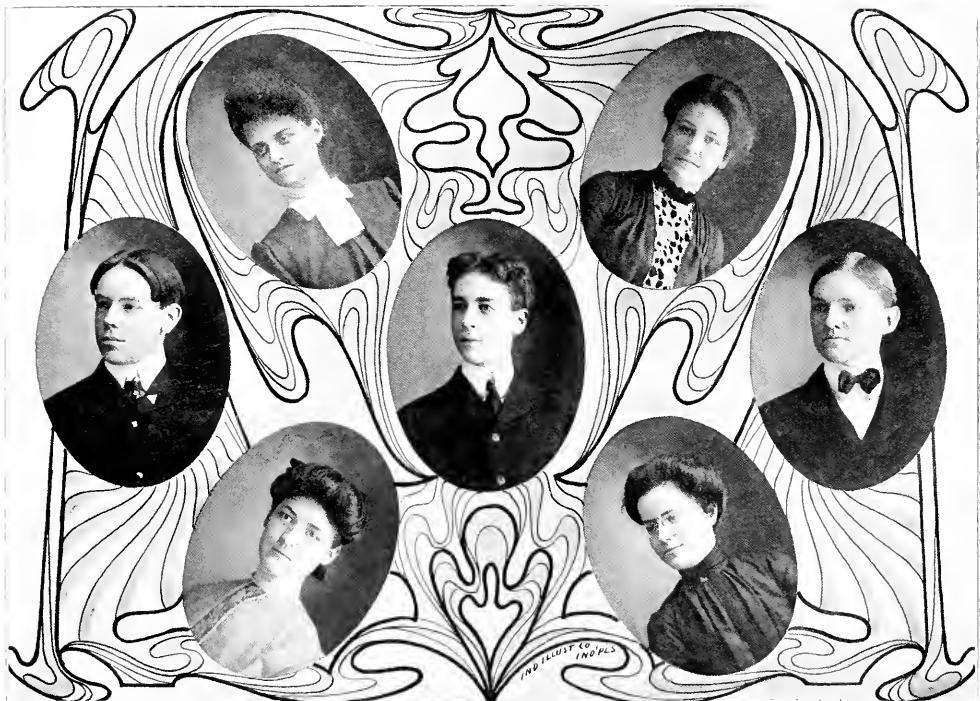
Editor-in-Chief, '02 Eniauton.

Class Secretary -Treasurer, '99-'00.

Class Prophet, '00-'01, '01-'02.

Periclean Literary Society.

Glee Club.



INDUST CO.
INDPLS

HERBERT H. WAGENHALS,

Classical Course.

Assistant Business Manager '02 Eniauton.

Phi Alpha Psi.

CLARA OWEN,

German Course.

Class Secretary, '00-'01, '01-'02.

EMMA CLARA WARNER,

English-German Course.

W. PAGE YARNELLE,

Classical Course.

Assistant Editor-in-Chief, '02 Eniauton.

Class Vice President, '98-'99.

Class President, '99-'00, '00-'01.

Class Treasurer, '01-'02.

Delta Sigma Nu.

GEORGIA MAE^E WARNER,

Latin-German Course.

BERNADETTE MONNAHAN,

Latin German Course.

ARTHUR TWINING,

English-German Course.

'02 Class Poem

The closing days of school have come,
Filled with parting's sorrow,
Our hearts are full of yesterday,
Our thoughts are on tomorrow.

The rushing tide of memory
Comes surging as the sea,
While hope fills all our vision
With that which is to be.

The past is all behind us,
With many a failure rife,
The record, as we've made it,
Must stand throughout our life.

We have the open future,
In which we may retrieve
The hours of empty idling
For which, today we grieve.

But trust not in tomorrow,
Today is ours alone,
Then let us "carpe diem,"
And for our past atone.

'o 2 PROPHETCY

IT was a dismal night in November. The wind howled around the house. The window panes rattled in their frames, the trees groaned, and large flakes of snow were hurrying through the air like a mighty army rushing along to attack the foe. All nature was in a turmoil.

Within my home, however, all was warm and cosy. The hearth was piled high with pine fagots and these were succeeding very well in their efforts to warm and brighten the room. Before the hearth was a large buffalo robe on which I was lying, lazily reading my "Macbeth." My thoughts often strayed away from my task and I was dreamily building many vague, but delightful air-castles. I had come at last to the second witch scene in the first act, and as this unreal portrayal was in harmony with my thoughts, I unconsciously repeated their charm aloud :

"Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine."

I had hardly finished this when, lo, an apparition came in, which I immediately recognized as our old friend Mercury. He did not wait for me to speak, but said in rich, mellow tones :

"Father Jove sent me hither to-night to show you the future of your class-mates. Come."

With these words he handed me a pair of winged sandals, the identical ones, he smilingly assured me, which Perseus had worn when he killed Medusa. He added, with a twinkle in his eye, that he was wearing a pair that was more up-to-date than mine, thus indicating that not only fate is superior to the gods, but also that mysterious being called "style."

I put on the sandals and immediately we soared up to dizzy heights and then darted along in a southwesterly direction. After about three minutes as it seemed to me we descended and alighted in front of a large cave in a vast, rocky plain. We entered the cave and my mysterious companion straightway lighted a queer candle which quickly filled the cave with sweet-scented drowsy fumes, and I soon gave way to the spell and fell in a trance.

First I saw myself in a magnificent church just as a marriage ceremony was about to be performed. The

bride was coming down the aisle and I was very much surprised to recognize Alice Foster. In place of one of the imposing marches of Beethoven or Mozart, the organist, Pearl Bond, began to play just as the bridegroom stepped in "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," and every one admitted that it was a very suitable selection. The choir, whose leader was Robert Feustel, rendered a very beautiful song and I clearly distinguished the sweet voices of Mae Eiter and Georgia Warner. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. H. H. Wagenhals, D. D. The church was tastefully trimmed by the leading florist of the city, Bessie Conner. Above the altar hung a very beautiful picture, painted in the art studio of Agnes Littlejohn.

After the ceremony had been performed I left the church and walked along leisurely. I had hardly gotten over my surprise at seeing a sign :

"MISS ERMA DOCHTERMANN--DANCING SCHOOL,"

when I heard a loud explosion in a residence near by. I hurried toward it and rushed in. Alas, a sad sight greeted my eyes. Glenn Sawyer, who had become a famous chemist, had performed one of his many complicated experiments and had blown himself up. Dr. Grosjean was hurriedly summoned, and he came as fast as he could with a professional nurse, Grace Smith, but the only thing he could do was to turn over the remains to an undertaker, Arthur Twining. In the meantime the fire department had dashed up with Page Yarnelle, the fire chief, at their head. He was full of energy and zeal in extinguishing the flames due to the explosion—far different it must be admitted, from his appearance a few hours later when I saw him growing pale under the hands of Miss Elizabeth Evans, the most progressive dentist in town.

My nerves were so upset by Glenn's sad end that I entered a theatre near by to see a comedy. I was amazed to learn from the programme that the manager of the company was Arthur Parry, and that his chief actress was Jessie Tuckey. Of course the play was very good. William Schaden rendered the principle specialties with his characteristic grace and humor. I was somewhat surprised to see Roy Tigard in the audience because in his official capacity as governor of his state he was having a hard time just then in keeping Favor Vreeland, who had become a lecturer on "Woman's Rights," from tormenting the state legislature with that fruitful subject.

Then the scene was changed and I found myself at one of the ward schools. I was immediately struck by the artistic beauty and regularity of the building and was pleased to learn that Maud Murray had been the architect that designed it. I asked for the principal, who as I learned from a schedule in the school was no one

else than Georgia Davis. I was told that she was in the seventh grade room. Accordingly I went there. When I got near the room I distinguished the principal's voice coming through the open door. She was just giving the children a lecture—on good behavior, and I heard the words:

"Now when I went to school we never thought of whispering or writing notes."

I did not wait for more, but rapped at the door and received a hearty welcome. From her I learned considerable about other members of the class. Emma Warner stood at the head of the kindergarten in the same school. Clara Owen was head stenographer and bookkeeper in a large wholesale house near by. Edith Foster had become a successful music teacher. This did not surprise me as she was always so remarkable for her angelic patience. I was astonished, however, at George Thorward's fate. He had devoted himself to politics and had been rewarded for his faithfulness by the position of city poundmaster, which he was still holding. Who should have thought that George would ever go to the dogs? Marion Baker had distinguished herself by becoming the most fashionable dressmaker of the city and then marrying a wealthy bachelor, thus driving all the society girls half frantic with anger and regret. Bernadette Monnahan had already won fame as an active worker in the slums of New York.

Suddenly the scene was changed again. I found myself in China listening to the earnest and eloquent address of a missionary in whom I recognized Zona Hopkins. She was assisted very ably in her work by the singing evangelist, Anna Biddle.

I reflected a few moments and then realized that I had viewed all the members of the glorious old class of '02 except our good-natured class comedian, Robert Kinnaird. I had hardly thought of him when I found myself at the Chinese court. I easily recognized the king by his crown and haughty bearing, but who was that person yonder adorned with cap and bells? I could hardly believe my eyes, but if they did not deceive me, it was the long lost Robert Kinnaird. I learned later that this was really the case and found out in explanation that Robert had visited the Chinese king during his travels and so delighted his majesty by his humor that the king offered him an annual salary of ten thousand dollars for becoming the court jester and the bargain was struck.

I had scarcely heard the end of this strange tale when there was a sudden crash and I found myself lying on the rug at home. *Mirabile dictu* my relatives claim that I was snoring away during the whole evening at a very lively clip.

CLASS PROPHET.

Will of Class of '02

We, the members of the '02 Class of the high school in Fort Wayne, Allen county, Indiana, U. S. A., being aware of the fleetness of life, though gifted with exceptionally arid brains, as our teachers took great pains to impress upon us, do hereby file the following will and testament:

I. We bequeath to our venerated and highly esteemed instructors:

(a) The credit of our reputation as brilliant scholars, and as persons well equipped by our freedom from loafing about the corners, promenading, soothing the neighbors of the school by our melodious yells, etc., for citizenship in this up-to-date city of Fort Wayne.

(b) The pleasure of reassuming the discipline of the school of which we relieved them so nobly by the praiseworthy example we set for the other classes.

(c) The pleasant task of "firing" people out of the library.

II. We bequeath to our colleagues of tender years, commonly called Freshmen:

(a) Our ability to climb stairs.

(b) Our well known powers of endurance against heat in summer and cold in winter.

(c) Our lack of childish desires to play with microscopes and other botanical apparatus; also our knack for visiting Aurentz's during school hours.

III. We give to the Sophomores of little fame and less merit:

(a) The sweet smiles, solicitous care and kind talks of Mr. Lane.

Will of Class of '02—Continued

(b) The right so fondly desired, to occupy front seats when they study in the principal's room.

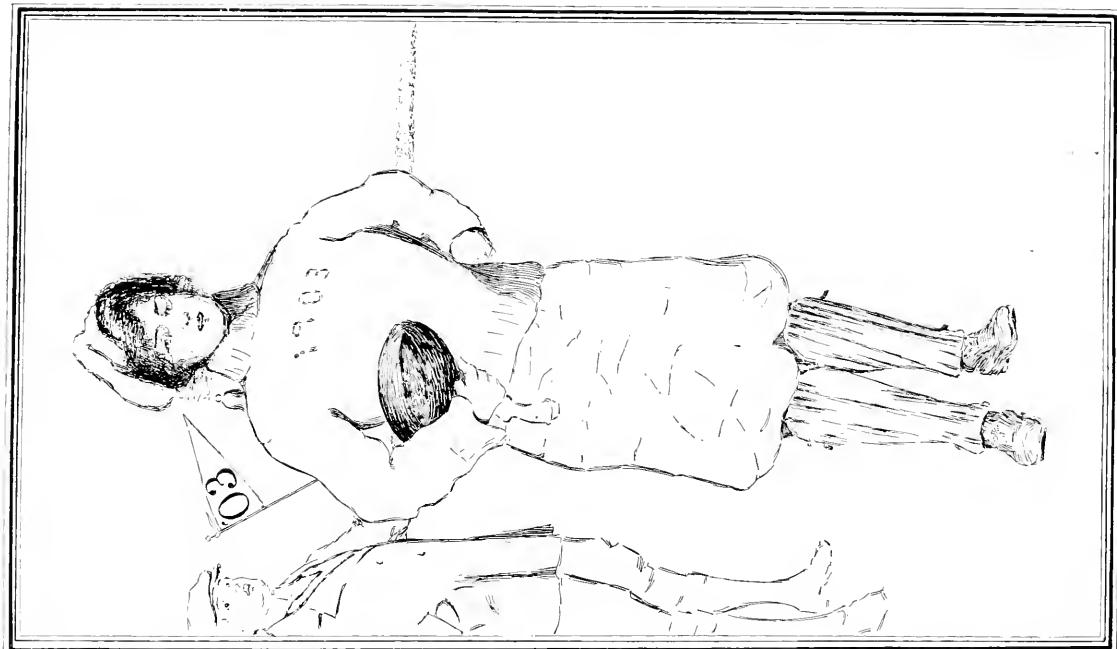
- (c) Our well known ability in geometry and all the A's connected with it.
- (d) Mr. Crowe's boyish playfulness.

IV. We present to our beloved brothers and sisters, the Juniors:

- (a) Our rear seats.
- (b) Our good behavior.
- (c) Our aptitude for obtaining front seats.
- (d) Our privilege of supervising the book case.
- (e) Our total immunity from the bench, "flunks," lectures, etc.
- (f) The cherished privilege of the solid geometry class of remaining after school three evenings every week in order that each proposition may be recited on three times.
- (g) Our senior dignity and exalted position as rulers of the school democracy.
- (h) Our ability to make money for class expenses.
- (i) Our talent for "breakage" in the chemical laboratory and the long faces we shall make when the bill is presented.

Duly attested before us as notaries public this 31st day
of February, 1902.

THE CLASS OFFICERS.



Class Organization

M O T T O

"An Investment in Knowledge Pays Best Interest."

COLORS: Dark Blue and White.

FLOWER: Pink Rose

Y E L L

*Boomalaca! Boomalaca!
Rab! Rab! Rab!
Chingalaca! Chingalaca!
Chaw! Chaw! Chaw!
Boomalaca! Chingalaca!
Re! Rab! Re!
Fort H'ayne High School!
Nineteen Three!*

PAUL PRESTON, President
ELINOR BOND, Vice President
GEARRY KNIGHT, Secretary

CHARLES FELTS, Treasurer
JESSAMINE BAILEY, Historian
EDWARD LUKENS, Poet

'03 Poem

While going toward school one day,
Two Juniors met upon the way,
“The boys,” said one, “have something new,
Meet us tonight at the rendezvous.”

‘Twas twelve o’clock and the boys had met,
At the time and place that had been set.
The leader arose to address his band,
The words he spoke were fiery and grand.

“For the glory and fame of nineteen three,
We must raise this banner fair,” said he.
He pointed to a banner of dark blue and white,
Amid cheers that awoke the slumbering night.

From out of the band he appointed two,
To raise the emblem good and true.
Through the school these two went in the blackness of night,
Until on the cupola they came into sight.

The flag was raised ‘midst a thunderous cheer,
And there in the moonlight calm and clear,
High in the air you could see
The glorious banner of nineteen three.

But when the boys went to school in the morn,
They found that some rude hand had torn,
The flag from its rightful place on high
And cries of vengeance arose to the sky.

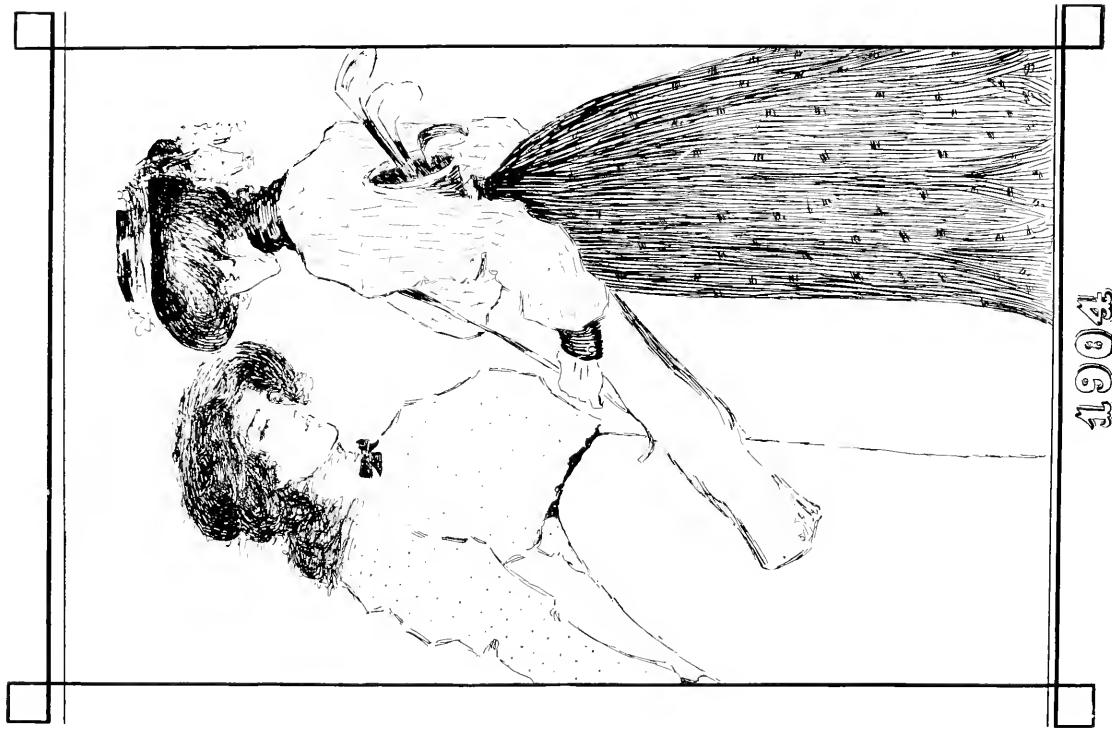
They found that the flag had been taken down
By our janitor bold of great renown,
And so every Junior swore by his soul
That next time he raised a flag he’d grease the pole.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '03

The Class of 1903 started on its high school career fully determined to make a name for itself that would be handed down in history as the name of the most enterprising class on the high school records. In order to establish ourselves as a class, a meeting was held and we were formally organized. Officers were elected, colors chosen and the motto "An Investment in Knowledge Pays Best Interest" was adopted. We then proceeded to put our motto into practice by devoting ourselves to our books. For a time this occupied all our attention.

The second year found us still devoting ourselves to acquiring knowledge, but with an added dignity, as we felt the importance of being Sophomores. Few class meetings were held and aside from making a name for ourselves in the class room we attempted nothing else. So our talents lay dormant for a time and it was not until we had entered upon our Junior year that our importance was felt in every branch of the school. In athletics 1903 is well represented both on the foot ball team and in field day sports. We have a number of oratorical stars who often bring honor to their class by their eloquence. Then too, the glee club is well supported by members of 1903. The customary Junior dance was given about the middle of the year. It was our first undertaking of any importance, but was a brilliant success in every way and may be taken as prophetic of the success that will attend all the efforts of the class.

Although our numbers have decreased somewhat, the enthusiasm has not waned, and we are steadily pressing on to fill the place of Seniors in a way that will bring credit to ourselves and honor to our school.



1904

Class of '04

Colors

Red and White.

flowers

Red and White Carnations.

Motto

A Good Education is a Better Safeguard of
Liberty Than a Standing Army.

Class Yell

Halla Belooh ! Balah ! Beloer !
Halla Kazack ! Kazoo ! Kazoer !
Rip Roar ! Rip Roar !
Fort Wayne High School
Nineteen Four

Officers

RALPH WILLSON, President

GERTRUDE BUSSARD, Secretary

LOUISE PELLENS, Vice President

BESSIE KEERAN, Treasurer

ESTHER GRIFFITHS, Poetess

MILES PORTER, Historian

'04 Class Poem

When the brilliant class of naughty four
Had left the grade school's open door,
The teachers were dissolved in tears
To think of the many happy years
We'd spent with them.

The worst of trials a Freshman bears
Are Sophomores', Juniors' and Seniors' airs.
It is so long since they were green—
Such ups and downs of life they've seen;
And are so wise.

We struggle with history, Latin and Greek;
We learn our mother tongue to speak;
We juggle with letters, figures and signs,
We draw from life, make Japanese lines—
Juniors to be.

We came to the high school, grand and old,
Past rows of high school heroes bold,
Who undertook to rush us in;
This caused uproar and awful din
And Schultze's wrath.

That year ended as all years will,
And we the role of "Sophs" do fill.
We sit on the bench and think of our sins—
The notes, the whispers, the giggles and grins
For which we sigh.

When at the end of two short years
We Seniors are, without compeers,
The town with joy will celebrate
The happy night we graduate
From the "new high school."

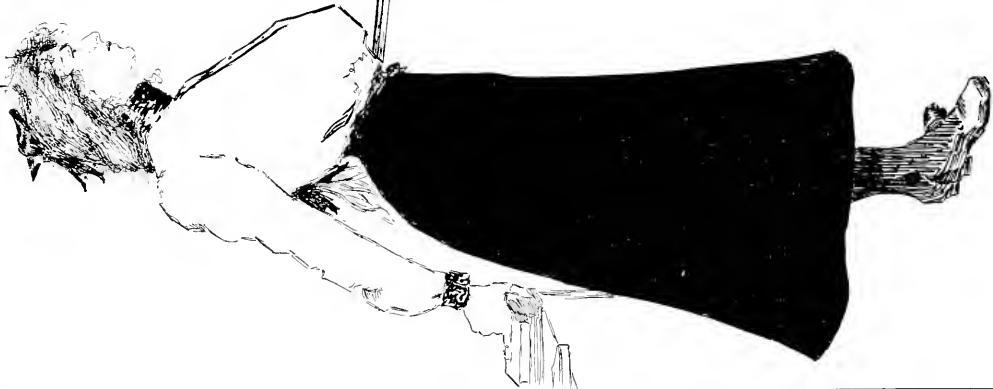
HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '04

September, 1904, saw the advent of the wonderful Class of 1904 into the Fort Wayne High School. It displayed its progressive character by organizing soon after the taking up of school. Competent officers were elected and committees appointed. Thus was this class launched upon the sea of high school life. The officers of the first year were succeeded by other officers just as competent (and there are plenty left to draw from). The Class of 1904 does not wish to gain prominence by giving brilliant (?) social functions as some of its predecessors have attempted to do, but by hard work and perseverance. The class has its good times, however, as at the sleighing party to Swift's farm.

The colors chosen by the class were red and white. The red symbolizes the class' power to "fight" if necessary, while, on the other hand, the white signifies its willingness to maintain peace.

The class motto is very appropriate. It is "A Good Education is a Better Safeguard of Liberty Than a Standing Army." If this is true (and it is) the members of 1904 will assuredly be valiant protectors of liberty. However shy and apparently insignificant 1904 may have been in the past she will inevitably become great in the future. Therefore look out!

HISTORIAN, 1902.



$$\frac{p_{1,1,-1}}{p_{1,1,0}} = \frac{7e^{-\frac{3}{2}}}{6e^{\frac{3}{2}}} \approx \frac{e^{3.5}}{7}$$

$$\frac{p_{1,1,1}}{p_{1,1,0}} = \frac{e^{\frac{3}{2}}}{12e^{\frac{3}{2}}} \approx p_{2,2,1} \cdot p_{1,1,0}$$

$$\frac{p_{1,2,-2}}{p_{1,1,0}} \approx \frac{7}{7}$$

$$\begin{aligned} p_{1,2,0} &= 2.5 \\ \therefore p_{1,2,1} &\approx 1 \end{aligned}$$

Class of 1905

Motto

Not Failure, But Low Aim is Crime.

Colors

All Gold and Scarlet.

flower

Red Rose.

Yell

Piri ! Piri !
Sis ! Bum ! Bah !
05 ! 05 !
Rah ! Rah ! Rah !

*Organization

President—MAE FITZPATRICK

Treasurer—FLORIAN MEYERS

Vice President—HENTER BASH

Poet—LURTEN HALDERMAN

Secretary—KATHERINE WALTON

Historian—DAVID MCNAUGHTON

*NOTE—This notable class has an organization that is the envy of the whole school. The president and vice president are at present members of the Sophomore class and the historian has departed from the high school. Like sheep without a shepherd the Freshmen wander about, dejectedly placing their hopes in the future.

Class of '05

In the leading high school of the state
There's a Freshman class that is up to date.
It would take at least a year and a day
To tell you of all in this class so gay.
And there are so many, both large and small,
That I really can't remember them all,
It is the greatest class without a doubt,
That any one ever heard about.
There're some in the class who really believe
That in Nineteen Five the school they'll leave.
But I'm quite sure that most of them
Will graduate in Nineteen Ten.
'Tis composed of sages, august and wise,
I really think they'd take the prize
In any side show, menagerie or zoo.
You needn't believe it, but then it's true.
You would suppose that a class of such sensible students
In selecting a poet would have shown more prudence.
But then brace up, for the end is near,
My term expires at the end of the year.

Class Poet--(?)

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '05

As all readers of the Eniauton know, many classes have crossed the threshold of the Fort Wayne High School and have climbed the winding stairs that lead to the highest room in the building.

The Class of 1905, commonly known as the "freshman" class, followed this precedent September 4th, 1901. This class is the first that ever organized in the second week of its high school career. At the first meeting, held September 20, 1901, officers were elected and the motto, "Not Failure, But Low Aim is Crime," was adopted. All gold and scarlet were chosen as class colors and the red rose as class flower.

In athletics our class was represented by a number of the young men who played foot ball on the "varsity." Many of the class, furthermore, are taking an active share in the "Periclean Debating society." The young ladies of the class take an active part in everything they can to help the class along. I am proud to say we are in high school for something.

We hope that in June, 1905, we shall all look back proudly on our past years and see that we got something out of our high school work. I am confident that we all shall reach the top of the ladder if only we try. We have a great many steps to climb, but only energy and perseverance are required. Come, let us push our way upward. Surely we can all reach the top and tie the old gold banner to the highest step where all who see it can read these lines on it in scarlet letters, "Not Failure, but Low Aim is Crime."

HISTORIAN.

Gems of Literature

A PSALM OF SCHOOL

(With many thanks to Longfellow.)

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
"School is but an empty dream."
School is real! School is earnest!
And the bench is not its aim.

Oh! what's this world a coming to,
Can anybody tell,
When to the wrong of mixing things
Young ladies go pell-mell?
For sports and pleasures, in the past,
The time was made quite clear,
But now Sinclair goes "Nutting"
All seasons of the year.

The rain falls on the just
And also on the unjust fellows;
But more upon the just because
The unjust have the just's umbrellas.

1. Mamie had a little lad,
A plumber's son was he,
And everywhere that Mamie went,
That lad was sure to be.
2. He walked with her to school each day
And also fro' as well;
And every look he cast on her
Meant more than tongue can tell.
3. What makes the lad love Mamie so?
Come, tell me if you can.
'Cause Mamie loves the lad, you know,
For he's a little man.

"Take back the heart that you gave me,"
The angry maiden cried.
So the butcher gave her liver and
The maid was satisfied.

Georgia D
If you can B
A minute quiet,
Please go try it

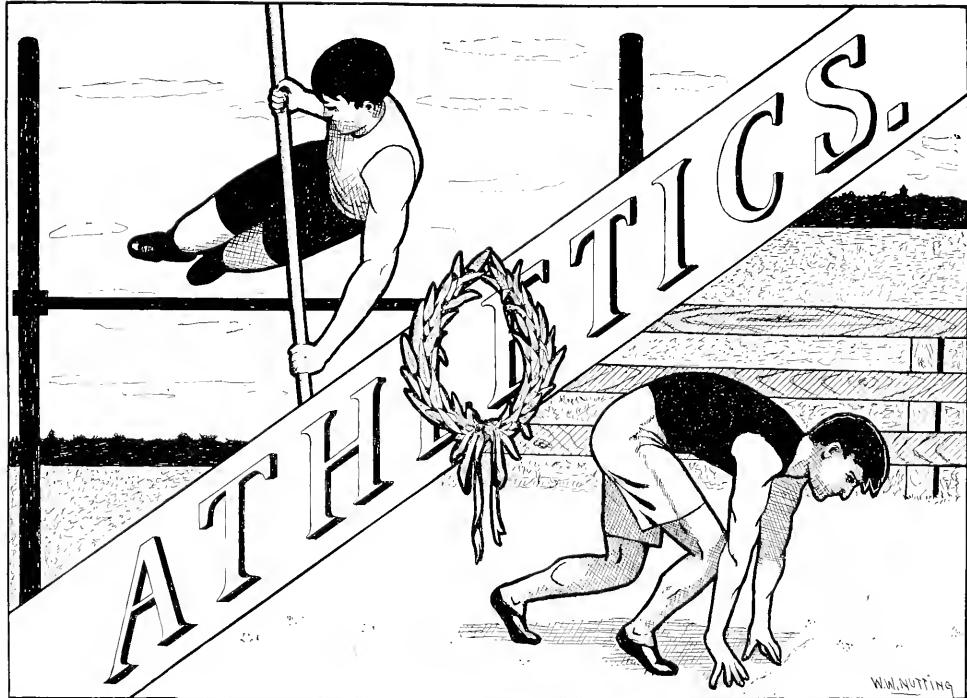
Reflections of a Freshman

A little boy sat on the bench,
He felt like talking French.
He said to himself, "O sad day,
What a cruel woman is this Miss Jay."

But when he got back to his seat
The thoughts in his mind were calm and
sweet,
He said to himself, "O happy day,
What a most excellent woman is this Miss
Jay."

Did you ever notice this,
When a fellow takes a kiss
From a righteous little maiden, calm and
meek,
How her bible training shows,
By not turning up her nose,
But in simply turning round the other cheek?

Of all the books of the present age
To Elizabeth there's just one "Page."



W.M. NUTTING

fort Wayne High School
Amateur Athletic Association

Officers

A. B. CROWE, President

WM. L. McMILLAN, Vice-President

J. A. PRICE, Secretary and Treasurer

football Department

Arthur W. Parry, Manager

Harry McCormick, Manager-Elect

Frank Hamilton, Captain

Edgar Fleming, Captain-Elect

Base Ball Department

Hugh Smaltz, Manager

Arthur W. Parry, Manager-Elect

Herbert Erickson, Captain

Herbert Erickson, Captain-Elect

Property Committee

George Thorward, '02 Edward Lukens, '03

Sam Morris, '04

Committee on Granting Letters

Mr. Lane Mr. Brown, Coach

Frank Hamilton, Captain of Football Team Arthur W. Parry, Manager of Football Team

Herbert Erickson, Captain of Base Ball Team

Records of F. W. H. S. Athletic Association

EVENT	TIME	YEAR	NAME	CLASS
50-yard Dash.....	5 ¹ ₂ sec.....	'97.....	Willson	'99
100-yard Dash.....	10 ¹ ₂ ".....	'97.....	Willson	'99
220-yard Dash.....	24 3-5 "	'96.....	Stonecifer	'96
440-yard Dash	56 "	'97.....	Fred Schultz	'99
One mile Run.....	5 min., 35 "	'95.....	D. McDonald	'95
Half mile Run.....	2 " 22 "	'00.....	Art Schultz	'02
Quarter mile Walk.....	1 " 43 ³ ₄ "	'97.....	Crim	'97
120-yard Hurdle	19 "	'01.....	Preston	'03
Potato Race	1 min., 15 "	'95.....	Bursley	'95
Obstacle Race.....	25 "	'95.....	Bursley	'95
One mile Bicycle Race.....	2 min., 39 "	'99.....	Thayer	'00
Two-mile Bicycle Race, lap..	7 " 28 "	'97.....	Dawson	'00
Three-legged Race, (100 yds.).....	14 "	'97.....	Husten and Miller	'00
Half mile Relay Race ..	1 " 26 "	'97	Team of	'99
DISTANCE		YEAR	NAME	CLASS
Running High Jump	5 ft., 3 in.....	'01.....	Preston	'03
Running Hop, Step, Jump	38 " 11 "	'01	Miller	'02
Standing Hop, Step, Jump.....	27 " 2 ¹ ₂ "	'96.....	Stonecifer	'96
Running Broad Jump.....	18 "	'95.....	Orff	'97
Standing Broad Jump	9 " 1 ¹ ₂ "	'00.....	Diether	'01
Throwing Hammer, (16-lb.) ..	95 "	'95.....	John Bass, jr.....	'98
Putting Shot, (12-lb.).....	39 "	6	John Bass, jr.....	'98
Throwing Base Ball	306 "	6	Orff	'97
Throwing Football	105 "	7	D. McDonald	'95
Pole Vault.....	8 " 2 ¹ ₂ "	'00.....	George Dick	'00

fort Wayne High School Amateur Athletic Association

Seventh Annual Field Day

Driving Park

friday, May 31st

1901



Executive Committee

HAMILTON, '01

ALDERMAN, '01

TIGAR, '02



Event Committee

HOPKINS, '01

PARRY, '02

McCORMICK, '03



Prize Committee

PORTER, '04

BEERS, '03

MOELLERING, '04

PROF. PRICE, REFEREE

NEIL SMITH, STARTER

PROF. CROWE, SCORER

PROF. McMILLAN, CLERK OF COURSE

CLARENCE SMITH, TIMER

CROWE, McMILLAN AND PRICE, JUDGES

Events of the '01 field Day

FIFTY YARD DASH

First—Nathan	Second—Nutting	Third—Erickson	First—Miller	Second—Preston	Third—Wehnert
Time— $6\frac{1}{2}$ seconds			Distance—71 feet		

RUNNING HOP, STEP AND JUMP

First—Miller	Second—Preston	Third—Bash	First—Nathan	Second—Erickson	Third—Sharp
Distance—38 feet, 11 inches			Time—11 seconds		

RUNNING HIGH JUMP

First—Preston	Second—Woodworth	Third—Miller	First—Erickson	Second—Coppock	Third—Bash
Height—5 feet, 3 inches			Distance—301 feet, 8 inches		

ONE MILE BICYCLE RACE

First—Scheid	Second—Coppock	Third—Nathan	First—Nathan	Second—Erickson	Third—Nutting
Time—3 minutes, $2\frac{1}{2}$ seconds			Time— $24\frac{3}{4}$ seconds		

SHOT PUT

First—Miller	Second—Bash	Third—Coppock	First—Smith	Second—Scheid	Third—Coppock
Distance—32 feet, 2 inches			Time—not caught		

FOUR HUNDRED AND FORTY YARD DASH

First—Erickson	Second—Thorward	Third—Wehnert	First—Miller	Second—Woodworth	Third—Preston
Time—59 seconds			Height—7 feet, 1 inch		

RUNNING BROAD JUMP

First—Nathan	Second—Miller	Third—Preston	First—Preston	Second—Woodworth	
Distance—16 feet, $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches			Time—19 seconds		

HALF MILE RUN

First—Thorward	Second—Wehnert	Third—Twining
Time—2 minutes, $30\frac{1}{2}$ seconds		

HAMMER THROW

Second—Preston	Third—Wehnert
Distance—71 feet	

ONE HUNDRED YARD DASH

First—Nathan	Second—Erickson	Third—Sharp
Time—11 seconds		

BASE BALL THROW

First—Erickson	Second—Coppock	Third—Bash
Distance—301 feet, 8 inches		

TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY YARD DASH

First—Nathan	Second—Erickson	Third—Nutting
Time— $24\frac{3}{4}$ seconds		

QUARTER MILE BICYCLE RACE

First—Smith	Second—Scheid	Third—Coppock
Time—not caught		

POLE VAULT

First—Miller	Second—Woodworth	Third—Preston
Height—7 feet, 1 inch		

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY YARD HURDLE RACE

First—Preston	Second—Woodworth
Time—19 seconds	

'01 Baseball Season

Manager—HUGH SMALTZ, '01.

Captain—HERBERT ERICKSON, '04.

Catcher—McCORMICK, '03.

Pitchers—ERICKSON, '04.

First Base—HOPKINS, '01.

HOPKINS, '01.
HEIT, '03.

ERICKSON, '04.

Second Base—OLDS, '02.

Third Base—GAETJE, '01.

Short Stop—PARRY, '02.

Left Field—HEIT, '03.

ERICKSON, '04.
THORWARD, '02.

Center Field—THORWARD, '02.

BURGER, '01.
SCHULTZ, '04.
NUFF, '04.

Right Field—WOODWORTH, '03.

SCHULTZ, '04.

S C H E D U L E

April 27: Buffaloes, at Fort Wayne.

F. W. H. S., 20; Buffalos, 3.

May 4. Laboratory Team of Electric Works.

F. W. H. S., 10; Electric Works, 5.

May 11. Bass Foundry Team, at Fort Wayne.

F. W. H. S., 15; Bass Foundry, 14.

May 18. Electric Light Works, at Fort Wayne.

F. W. H. S., 4; Elec. Light, 12.

May 25. Huntington High School, at Fort Wayne.

F. W. H. S., 12; H. H. S. 5.

June 1. Huntington High School, at Huntington.

F. W. H. S., 5; H. H. S. 12.

June 8. Huntington Business College, at Huntington.

F. W. H. S., 7; H. B. C., 10.

CONCERNING HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETICS

IT was in the eighties of the last century that the colleges of Indiana got to playing football together. Probably there had been a few inter-collegiate games of baseball before 1880, but the modern idea of scheduled games of any kind was yet unborn.

The next decade, however, saw a great change in the matter of athletics, and football and baseball games and field meets between the larger colleges became very common. The boys of the high schools beheld and admired these forms of sport and early in the nineties followed the lead of the college men and our inter-scholastic games began.

The Fort Wayne High School was not at all slow in the new movement. In 1891 the first football team was organized and within a year or two commenced playing out-of-town games. In 1894 the present Athletic Association came into existence and the same year our first Field Day was held. Former annuals have given rather exhaustively the history of our ups and downs in football and other sports, and the object of this brief article is to discuss possible method of improving the condition of athletics in our school.

It must be remembered that the terms Athletics and Physical Culture are not at all synonymous. The latter implies systematic regular training of all the muscles of the body by long continued and well chosen exercises. To be of value such work should be under the control and direction of an expert capable of determining just what work should be done by each individual, and then of directing that work. No one can doubt that such training is most valuable and that it should go hand in hand with the mental gymnastics of the school-room. It is sincerely hoped by the students and teachers alike that our School Board will make provision for suitable rooms and an instructor at the time we go into the new building, and that this much neglected but valuable side of education shall thereafter receive due attention. Such physical training should be compulsory for all of average health and strength and if so, would benefit over ninety-five per cent. of all attending school. Athletic sports on the contrary affect only about ten per cent. of the boys, and, of course, give no physical benefit at all to the girls.

The wisdom of holding Athletic games is an open question. Many persons who have seriously studied the matter greatly regret that interscholastic meets were ever inaugurated. It must be conceded that there is some physical risk in football, both from accident and over-exertion, and there is always great danger that athletics will prove distracting to students and so lower scholarship. On the other hand there is a public demand for athletic sports, and our schools *do* play football and baseball, and, in all probability, will continue to do so. This being true, it is certainly unwise to let athletic matters drift; and very careful thought should be given to methods of regulation that will

minimize the objectionable and develop the desirable features of the present system. With this end in view our Athletic Association should consider plans for bettering existing conditions, and then with the help of the school management execute such reforms as are decided upon. The following suggestions are made for consideration:

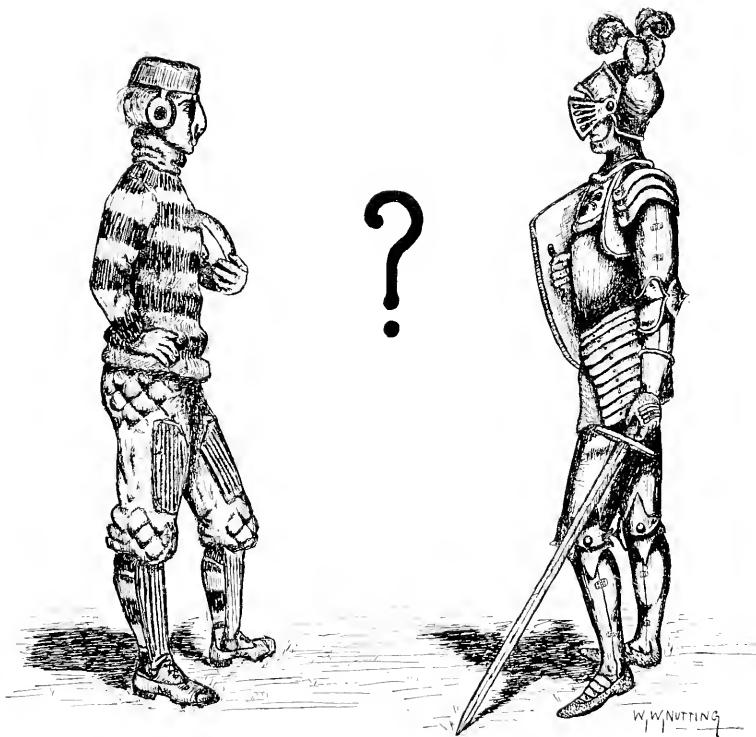
I. To define under what conditions students shall be eligible to play on our own teams. This is the most important matter to be decided and the following points are pertinent to its discussion: (a) Students having any physical weakness are liable to serious injury; therefore one requisite to "getting on" a team should be a certificate of good physical condition from an appointed physician. (b) No student should be allowed to play in any games without the consent of his parents or guardians. A written permission from his legal guardian should be required. (c) None but regular students taking as much as twelve hours weekly of regular school work should be eligible to enter contests. Such a provision would prevent triflers from taking a "course" in Athletics with some school subject on the side. (d) None but successful and orderly students should be on our teams. Failure in any one subject or low grades in two or more subjects, or habitual bad behavior in school, should debar a student from participation in any game. By this provision only, can athletics become a help instead of a stumbling block to scholarship and good government in the school. (e) Professionalism is fatal to the spirit and dignity of school athletics. No person who has received payment for playing on any occasion should be allowed to compete in any school event.

While to some these restrictions to eligibility may at first thought seem rather severe, it is believed that a little reflection will convince any reasonable person of the wisdom of each point made. Scores of schools have taken as advanced a standing on this subject as the one here indicated and the results in such places have been gratifying in the extreme.

II. To determine what qualifications shall be required in opposing teams. While we can not presume to dictate to other schools what their rules on eligibility shall be we can materially help to raise their standard by refusing to enter into contests with them unless we are guaranteed that their teams are composed of *bona fide* students and absolutely free from professional players. It is true that we have said in the past that we would only play against students taking regular courses. But unfortunately, we have never had the high moral courage to support our own proposition unflinchingly and have repeatedly played against dishonestly constituted teams rather than "spoil the game" and "disappoint the crowd" at the last moment. Of course there can be no further trouble on this score when once we shall have gained the reputation of meaning just what we say.

III. To use every means of leading other schools to adopt similar standards of eligibility. An agreement between the schools of northern Indiana on this subject would be an excellent thing and probably could be easily brought about.

A. B. CROWE.



Varsity football Team--Season '01

ARTHUR W. PARRY, Manager.

*HARRY McCORMICK, Captain.

*PAUL PRESTON, Captain.

FRANK HAMILTON, Captain.

HERMAN BROWN, Coach.

* Were injured and forced to resign before the season was over.

Left End—Olds, 2	'02..140 lbs.	Right Guard—Lopshire, 2	'05..160 lbs.	Quarter Back—Parry, 5	'02..135 lbs.
Hamilton, 1	'03..135 lbs.	Ellison, 2	'02..175 lbs.	Right Half—Dunten, 3	'03..140 lbs.
Preston, 1	'03..140 lbs.	Hamilton, 1	'01..135 lbs.	Olds, 1	'02..140 lbs.
Left Tackle—Miller, 4	'04..165 lbs.	Right Tackle—Ginty, 3	'03..160 lbs.	Nutting, 1	'03..135 lbs.
Sweet, 1	'04..140 lbs.	Fleming, 2	'03..135 lbs.	Left Half—Preston, 4	'03..140 lbs.
Left Guard—Sweet, 1	'04..140 lbs.	Right End—McCormick, 3	'03..135 lbs.	R. Lopshire, 1	'05..150 lbs.
Erickson, 2	'05..145 lbs.	Nutting, 1	'03..135 lbs.	Full Back—Wilt, 3	'05..160 lbs.
Miller, 1	'04..165 lbs.			C. Lopshire, 1	'05..165 lbs.
Center—Tigar, 5	'02..140 lbs.			Hamilton, 1	'01..140 lbs.

Substitutes for football Team

Thorward, '02.

Sterling, '05.

Beers, '03.

Twining, '02.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The small figures directly after the names of the players tell the number of games each played in the position his name is in.

Schedule for Season of '01

September 28—Fort Wayne Business College, at Fort Wayne. Fort Wayne High School, 17; Fort Wayne Business College, 0.

October 5—Fort Wayne Tigers, at Fort Wayne. Fort Wayne High School, 7; Fort Wayne Tigers, 0.

*October 12—Lagrange High School, at Fort Wayne.

October 19—Huntington High School, at Huntington. Fort Wayne High School, 0; Huntington High School, 27.

October 26—Wabash High School, at Fort Wayne. Fort Wayne High School, 5; Wabash High School, 17.

November 2—Lagrange High School, at Lagrange. Fort Wayne High School, 0; Lagrange High School, 34.

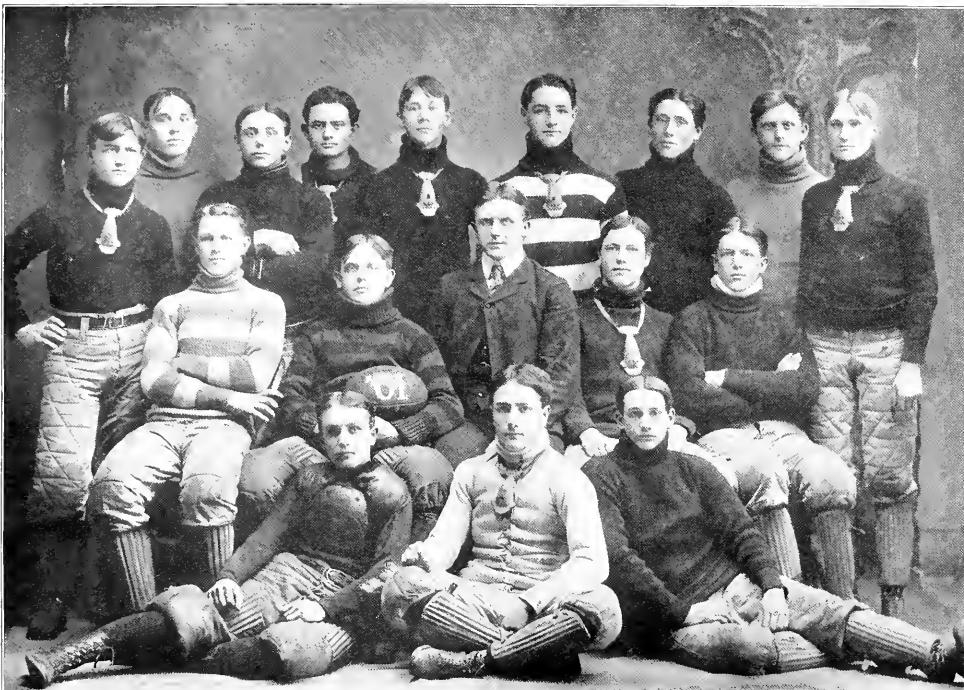
†November 9—Goshen High School, at Goshen.

†November 16—Wabash High School, at Wabash.

November 23—Huntington High School, at Fort Wayne. Fort Wayne High School, 5; Huntington High School, 0.

*This game was canceled because of rain.

†With seven regular players out of the game, it was deemed advisable to cancel these games.



COACH'S LETTER

ATHLETIC sports have been a principal source of amusement for many centuries past. They seem to have originated with the Greeks, among whom physical development reached a high state of perfection. Not until the last century was an athletic contest looked upon in any other manner than as a profession. The amateur never engaged in any public contest in Athletics.

Amateur Athletics had their birth at the beginning of the last century in the prominent colleges and schools of England. Their principal games were football and cricket—their field meets were similar to ours of to-day. It is to England that we are indebted for our most fascinating of all games—the best of all games—football. While it is not likely that the game originated there, nevertheless it was from the English that we learned it.

Football was originally played with seventeen men, then the number was reduced to fifteen; and since the game has been popular here, it has been reduced to our present number of eleven men. Football was first introduced into this continent in Canada, and from our sister country on the North the sport was introduced into the Yale University.

But what concerns us most is our local Athletics—and many, many times has the question been asked, "Why didn't our boys win more games last fall?" And now we have the opportunity of telling you—let me say that the defeats met were not the fault of the team alone—but the fault of yourself as well. We may assign as the principal reasons: The lack of support, both financially and as to the good will of the student body as a whole; the lack of hearty interest and support of the faculty and parents, and competing with teams composed of older, larger and more experienced players. We shall treat the reasons given in their reverse order.

It must be remembered that the members of this year's team were all new and almost without exception inexperienced in the game; that they had an unusually hard schedule to fill; and that the teams they met last fall in every instance were more advanced in age and were from ten to twenty pounds heavier, man for man, than the boys of our team. Then, too, the boys of our school graduate at a much earlier age than those of the surrounding towns. Many of the boys in the neighboring schools do not push through and complete the prescribed course of study in the

allotted four years as the boys here do. Many of their number are farmer boys who cannot start at the opening of school or continue until its close; therefore more years are required to complete the course of study. Consequently many of the boys are twenty or twenty-one years of age before graduating—yet they have been playing football since entering High School—in some instances long enough to bar them from the team were they in college Athletics.

Another thing we find that aids and encourages the teams of our smaller cities and towns is that the faculty to an individual is in hearty co-operation with the team. One victory is much easier won than two, and the team that undertakes to wrest victory from their opponents—knowing that later they will have to appease the wrath of their faculty and parents—are encountering a hard proposition. War was never carried on successfully with an enemy in the camp.

The next and perhaps the most discouraging thing of all to the team was the lack of support from the student body. Why shouldn't you be as proud of your team as Harvard, Yale and Princeton are proud of their teams? Why wouldn't a victory for your team be a victory for you as much as a Harvard victory for the Harvard student? And why are these teams so successful in their games? Because they have the entire support of the universities behind them.

True, every one can't secure a place on the team—but you can help win the game by being present. Fill the side lines and bleachers (but keep back of the ropes), take your pennants and horns; for nothing inspires one to do his very best more than to know his friends are present to rejoice in his victory and to mourn at his defeat—especially if his friends are lady friends.

The team to a man is to be complimented for their pluck and the manner in which they conducted themselves in last season's games. When it seemed that nothing short of a miracle could bring victory for Fort Wayne, courage was not lost but each man sailed into the fray with a grim determination to do or die. And the team, as a whole, are to be praised for their hard and consistent work. Every man who played on the team is better physically and mentally for his experience. Personally, I have never met a more manly or honest squad of boys on or off the gridiron. Each one has proven himself to be a gentleman and the memory of last fall's experience with the team will always be to me a source of great pleasure.

Yours truly,

H. W. BROWN.

Bowling

PROFESSOR'S TEAM

C. T. Lane	208
A. B. Crowe	212
Wm. L. McMillen	221
B. C. VonKahlden	215
J. A. Price	212

STUDENT'S TEAM

H. Ginty	232
H. Cook	241
F. Cook	201
R. Lopshire	237
F. Wilt	202

For the first time in the history of Annual publications, bowling, a sport that exemplifies all that is virtuous in an exercise, takes its place in the list of high school athletics. Hitherto athletic editors have not deemed it worthy of being mentioned in their columns. Now, however, so much bowling is done by high school people that it deserves recognition.

There are at present two teams in the high school. One is composed of professors, the other of students. Their individual records are very good, their team work excellent. The professors have lost but one of their contest games, while the students have won fifty per cent. of theirs. In all of these games, their opponents were bowlers such that victory was always an achievement, defeat never a disgrace.

Besides its organized bowlers, there are many individuals who bid fair to become excellent rollers. That bowling as a high school sport has a great future before it, is evident when we consider that a great number of school athletes are interested in it, that two strong teams are now recognized athletic organizations of the high school, and that it has the hearty support of the faculty.



Letters have been awarded to the following athletes for superior merit in athletic contests.

TRACK ATHLETICS

Preston, '03.	Erickson, '05.
Nathan, '03.	Miller, '02.

BASEBALL

McCormick, '03.	Hopkins, '01.
Olds, '02.	Parry, '02.
Gaetje, '01.	Erickson, '05.
Miller, '02.	Thorward, '02.

FOOTBALL

Tigar, '02.	C. Lopshire, '05.
McCormick, '03.	Nutting, '03.
Hamilton, '03.	A. Olds, '02.
Parry, '02.	Dunten, '03.
Preston, '03.	Thorward, '02.

'02 BASEBALL TEAM

PITCHERS—Lopshire, '04; Preston, '03. CATCHER—Leach, '04. FIRST BASE—Lopshire, '05; Parry, '02. SECOND BASE—McCormick, '03. THIRD BASE—Sterling, '05. SHORT STOP—Thorward, '02. LEFT FIELD—Preston, '03. CENTER FIELD—Tennant, '05. RIGHT FIELD—Lopshire, '02; Parry, '02.

May 3, 1902—Fort Wayne High School vs. Huntington High School. Fort Wayne High School, 13; Huntington High School, 3.

HIS FATHER RELENTED

BILLY was a football player from the word go, but his father was an anti-football man to the finish. The latter was imbued with the idea that the game was hopelessly brutal and that eventually his son would turn out to be a prize fighter if allowed to continue playing. He really took an interest in the scores of the big games, but never wavered in his opinion that the game ought to be suppressed by law. If Billy got his head in the way of a golf stick and was laid up for a week or so, that was a mere accident. If he got his fingers broken while playing baseball, that was a thing which might happen to anybody. If he broke an arm at the gymnasium, he was advised to be just a bit more careful. If he scraped half the skin off his anatomy in a bicycle accident, it was the machine's fault. If, however, Billy got a bloody nose, a bad knee, or a black eye while playing football, then it was an outrage to the community that such a game should be allowed to be played by civilized and educated sons of respectable parents. Billy thought his chances of playing were very slim, but kept on practicing just the same.

The big Thanksgiving game was to be played on the grounds of the team's bitterest rivals, and, with Billy in the game, there was a fairly good chance of coming away victorious; without him there was no hope at all. The team decided that he must play by all means and Billy came to that conclusion himself. Petitions to his father from the student body of the school availed nothing. Members of the faculty, who were more interested in the team's welfare than faculties usually are, found that visits to Billy's house did absolutely no good. Billy, Sr., was obdurate and it was left to Billy whether he would play without the consent of pater familias or not play at all. Those who knew him best were not much disturbed as to the outcome. Billy would play if he had to get out of town in a balloon.

When the day of the game arrived, a larger number than usual of the team's supporters were at the station to see it off. They came, too, to see what Billy intended to do. He was there all right, grip in hand and a determined look in his face. Just as the train was getting ready to pull out, however, some one spied a man coming up the street at full speed. Billy's father, for he it was, had a savage look on his face and his eyes glowered threateningly. When he rushed across the platform, Billy had disappeared and his team mates were as much in ignorance as to his whereabouts as the irate father himself. He searched the train from cab to trailer, but Billy could not be found, and the head of the family finally seated himself on an upturned trunk to await developments. They didn't come and the train pulled out.

The team was surprised, dazed and even ready to accuse Billy of being faint-hearted. They were certain that Billy was not on the train, and of course he could not be in the game that afternoon. That meant that the whole team would be out of it in one sense of the word. The train covered mile after mile and the boys grew silent, even sullen; they would not put up a game that they need be ashamed of, even if Billy was out of it.

The first station was reached and the players stepped out on the platform to size up the village. The customary yells were not given and the sleepy villagers did not stand around open-mouthed, as is usual on such occasions. They might have wondered what the unusual display of ribbons meant, but no deafening shouts enlightened them. Suddenly there was a shout, however, and it sounded loud and clear through the crisp fall air. A hand pointed wildly to the top of the train and there, seated on the edge of a car, his face discolored with smoke and cinders, his eyes blinking hard to relieve themselves of dust and ashes, sat Billy, the best half-back in the state, the best kicker on any high school team, Billy the incomparable, the undownable. He jumped down into the arms of his frenzied team mates, was lifted to their shoulders and paraded around the platform until the grinning conductor yelled "All aboard!" In that short time the slow-going inhabitants of that sequestered little hamlet got a taste of football yells and songs that they will never forget. The baggageman put the same trunks back into the car that he had taken out; the fireman threw three shovelfulls of coal against the door of the fire-box before he noticed that it was closed. Billy related, in explanation, that he had climbed the car when he saw his father coming and managed to remain concealed until the train pulled out. He didn't want to risk climbing down while the train was in motion, and hence waited until first the station was reached.

His team won the game, the final score being twelve to nothing. Without Billy the score would have been reversed. He played a game that dazed his opponents. He rushed through the line like a cyclone rushes through the golden corn fields of sunny Kansas. He cleared the end like a two-minute horse clears the third quarter to take the home stretch. He tackled so fiercely that the crowd thought the home players would all be on the side lines before the game was over. Yet all this time, he was picturing to himself what a low tackle his father would make when he got home.

The trip home was the same noisy, boisterous affair that it usually is. Those who were not tired after the game were tired before they reached home. Billy got off the train at the depot and started home with dark forebodings of the reception he would get. He could imagine that pater familias was waiting for him at the door with orders for him to leave the parental roof forever and sever, once for all, his connections with the scenes of his childhood. His surprise was great when he climbed the steps with trembling knees and found no angry father there to greet him. It became still greater when he found that everybody had gone to bed and that the way to his room was clear.

He pulled off his shoes at the bottom of the stairs and started upward on his tip-toes. Having covered three-fourths of the distance without making a sound he stopped to reconnoiter. Then he started again, but, to his dismay, stumbled and fell. He lay perfectly still for a time expecting the worst to come.

"William!" came the clear, firm tones from his father's room.

"Sir," answered Billy in a faint voice.

Silence. It seemed to the weary lad that answer would never come. Then in a voice that Billy could hardly recognize as his father's, in a tone that had lost all its coldness came this startling query:

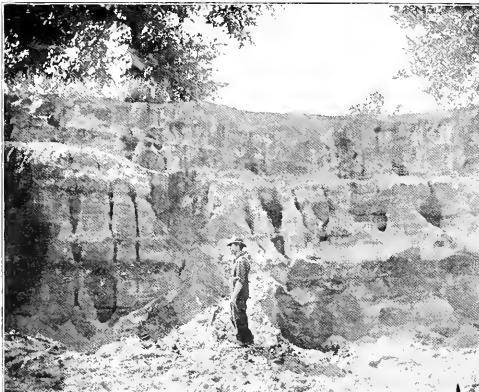
"What was the score?"

THE SWINNEY PARK GRAVEL PIT

By PROF. J. A. PRICE

SWINNEY Park gravel pit is located in the western part of the city, south of Swinney Park. This pit has been the source of supply of a great deal of sand and gravel used for building purposes in the city. More than two thousand five hundred dollars worth of sand and gravel was taken from the pit last year. The annual out-put usually amounts to more than two thousand dollars.

An examination of the accompanying figure will reveal the stratified condition of the deposits. The view shows the exposed strata on the north side of the pit. Near the top the exposures shown in the view are coarse; lower down they are somewhat finer. Tracing the exposed strata to the east along the face of the pit a gradual change from coarse to finer material is



VIEW SHOWING THE EXPOSURES ALONG THE NORTH SIDE OF SWINNEY GRAVEL PIT

noted. In the eastern portion of the pit sand predominates. This portion of the pit furnishes some excellent sand for plastering purposes.

Two hundred yards southeast of the Swinney Park gravel pit lies the Brown pit, a much smaller pit but the source of some fine sand and gravel. The high ridge to the south and west of these pits will furnish the city with an abundance of sand and gravel for many years to come. This super-abundance of sand and gravel within our city limits

has decreased the cost of this material, which in turn has slightly decreased the cost of building. The ridge in question is about one-half of a mile long and two hundred to three hundred yards wide. It is the first of a series of ridges which extend six miles to the southwest. Fox island,

the favorite resort for the nimrods of the city, is the last in the series. The county asylum for the poor is located on one of these ridges. West of the poor farm these ridges increase in number and importance. The longer axes of the ridges invariably extend from east to west. A public road usually follows these longer axes. The farm houses of the neighborhood are located along these roads. North and south of this line of ridges there are very few of these farm houses for a mile or more, but along the roads on the ridges the farm houses occur every quarter of a mile or so. This illustrates the influence of topography and drainage upon the distribution of public roads, which in turn exercises a strong control over the distribution of farm houses.

A continuous stretch of level land, locally known as the "prairies," lies to the north of these ridges. To the south there is a similar stretch of land, but narrower. These two level tracts of land unite just west of Fox island. The valley on the north is about two miles wide, and is at present drained by Little River—entirely too small a stream to have developed such a broad valley. The level land south of the ridges is drained by large ditches which empty into Little River. The peculiar arrangement of these ridges together with the wide valleys on each side, would indicate that they were formed under conditions entirely different from existing ones. And such was the case.

The broad valley to the north was formed by the large inter-glacial Wabash River, which extended its course to the southwest from glacial Maumee Lake, then covering the level tract of land northeast of the city. This lake, which was formed during the glacial period, in front of the retreating ice sheet, overflowed where Fort Wayne is now located and formed the large inter-glacial Wabash River, which extended its course to the southwest and emptied into the big Wabash River near Huntington.

The valley south of the ridges is the result of the erosive power of the St. Marys river. During inter-glacial times the St. Marys River left its present channel south of Fort Wayne and extended in a westerly direction, uniting with the inter-glacial Wabash beyond Fox island. Later in its history and probably near the close of the glacial period it shifted its channel to the north and finally turned to the northeast and united with the St. Joseph River to form the Maumee. Hence the level lands to the north and south of this chain of ridges date from glacial times. It is also true that these ridges, or speaking more scientifically, these kames, were formed during the glacial period. Whether they are the result of the work of streams coming from off the ice, or of sub-glacial streams, it is impossible to say. However, it is obviously plain that they were formed by running water.

SECRET



SOCIETIES.

DELTA SIGMA NU

FLOWER: Meteor Carnations.

COLORS: Olive Green and Wine.

OFFICIAL ORGAN: *Delta Sigma Nu Quarterly.*

YELL

Ring! Chang! Bang!

Rip! Rab! Ru!

Fort Wayne High School!

Delta Sigma Nu!

CHAPTERS

ALPHA, Founded 1891 . . . Ann Arbor High School, Ann Arbor, Mich.

BETA, Organized 1895 . . . Fort Wayne High School, Fort Wayne, Ind.

GAMMA, Organized 1897 . . St. John's Military Academy, Delafield Wis.

DELTA, Organized 1897 . . . Pontiac High School, Pontiac, Mich.

EPSILON, Organized 1899 . . . Duluth High School, Duluth, Wis.

BETA CHAPTER ROLL

CHARTER MEMBERS

Alfred Murray Cresslar, '95.

John Jacob Stahl, '95.

Fred. Morrison Gregg, '97.

Frederick Barnett Shoaf, '95.

Guy Read Bell, '97.

George Halloway Cresslar, '96.

Ronald Randolph Purman, '95.

James Montgomery Hamilton, '95.

Joseph Aldrich Bursley, '95.

Donald McDonald, '95.

Ralph Emerson Chapin, '95.

Frank Edwin Davis, '95.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Hugh Glen Keegan,

Harvey Edsall Crane,

Lee James Ninde,

Edward Tobias Reitze,

ALUMNI MEMBERS

Frank Edwin Davis.

George Halloway Cresslar.

Fred. Morrison Gregg.

Ralph Emerson Chapin.

Donald McDonald.

Asahel J. Read.

Benjamin Rector Bell.

David B. Jones.

Ronald Randolph Purman.

Joseph Aldrich Bursley.

Alexander Paul Wood.

Andrew U. S. Ellison.

James Montgomery Hamilton.

Alfred Murray Cressler.

Charles Starr Brackenridge.

Frederick Barnett Shoaf.

Charles Kimball Foote.

Charles Dougall Barrett.

Guy Read Bell.

Hugh Worthington Croxton.

Walter Henshaw Crim.

George Perry McDonald.

Philip Everett Bursley.

Charles Simson Hanna.

Walter Aldrich Barrett.

Carl Fredrick Diether.

Hugo Schlatter.

Raymond Hansen Barrows.

Guy Walter Hamilton.

Carl Bradlaugh Woodworth.

John Jacob Stahl.

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Wm. Page Varnelle, '02.

Arthur Wayne Parry, '02.

William Washburn Nutting, '03.

Frank Hamilton, '03.

Charles Bush, '03.

Edward Francis Lukens, '03.

Francis Williams, '03.

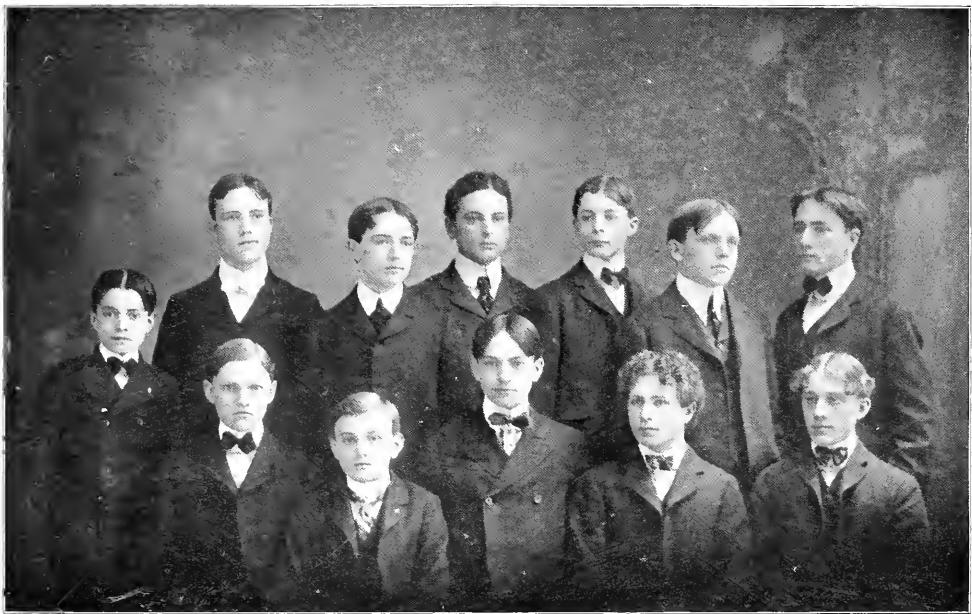
Ralph Jones, '03.

Harry Alfred Hattersley, '04.

Howard Hereford VanSweringen, '04.

Miles Porter, '04.

Roderick Fitch, '05.



fraternities

KAPPA ALPHA PHI

FLOWER: White Rose.

COLORS: Yale Blue and White.

FOUNDED AT MUNCIE HIGH SCHOOL, FEB. 16, 1898.

YELL

*Hi! Hi! He!
Kappa Alpha Phi!
Live ever!
Die never!
Kappa Alpha Phi!*

ROLL OF CHAPTERS

ALPHA . . .	Muncie High School, Muncie, Ind.	GAMMA . . .	Beloit College Academy, Beloit, Wis.
BETA	Peru High School, Peru, Ind.	DELTA . . .	Columbus High School, Columbus, Ind.
EPSILON . . .	Fort Wayne High School, Fort Wayne, Ind.		

EPSILON CHAPTER ROLL

CHARTER MEMBERS

Hugh Smaltz.
Arthur Hibbins.
Charles Alderman.

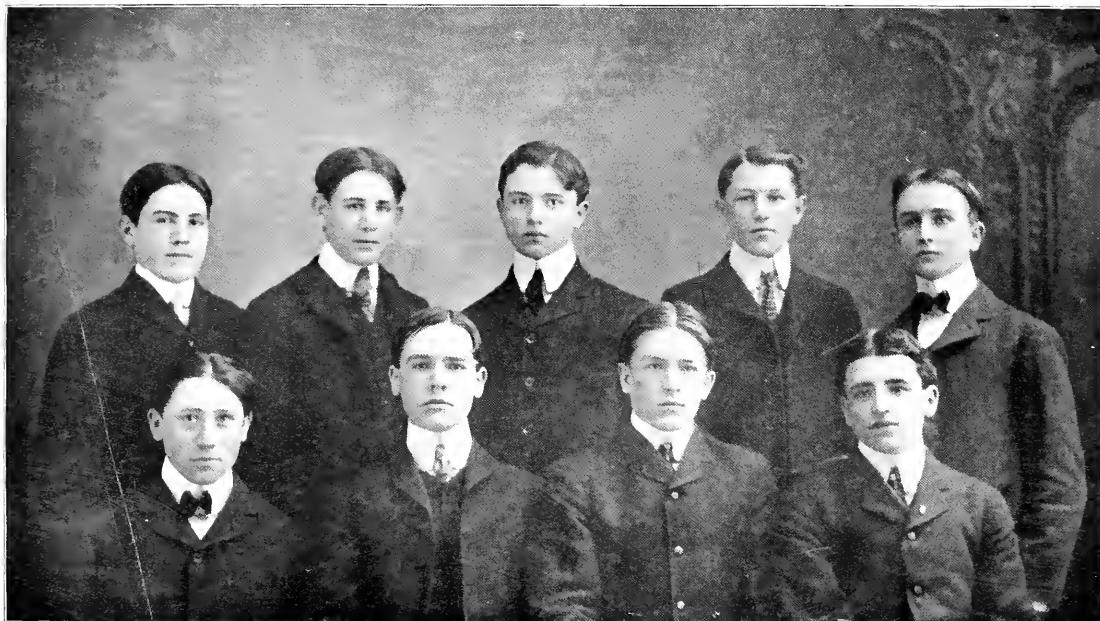
Guy Smith.
William Zent.
Paul Hopkins.

ALUMNI MEMBERS

Carl Upmeyer. Baron Long. Charles Thayer.
Arthur Hibbins. Victor Nussbaum. Guy Smith.
Paul Hopkins. Charles Alderman. Hugh Smaltz.

ACTIVE MEMBERS

George Thorward, '02.	Harry McCormick, '03.	Charles Felts, '03.
William Zert, '03.	Frank Wilt, '05.	Lurton Halderman, '05.
Louis Nussbaum, '05.	Paul Preston, '03.	David McNaughton, '05.



PIA ALPHA PSI

COLORS: Black and Red.

YELL

*Rip! Ri!
Phi Alpha Psi!
Fort Wayne High School!
Rab!*

ALPHA CHAPTER ROLL

CHARTER MEMBERS

Daniel N. Beers,
Samuel L. Morris, Jr.

Harrie W. Moellering,
Alexander M. Olds,

ALUMNI MEMBERS

Harrie W. Moellering.
Jean You.

Alexander M. Olds.

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Daniel N. Beers, '03.
Samuel L. Morris, Jr., '04.
Royden Tigar, '02.

Edmund H. Miller, '04.
A. Glenn Sawyer, '02.
Robert N. Kinnaird, '02.

Edward Olds, '04.
Herbert H. Wagenhals, '02.
Edgar Fleming, '03.



GAMMA DELTA TAU SORORITY

FLOWER: Marguerite.

COLORS: Gold and White.

ROLL OF CHAPTERS

ALPHA, . . .	1895	. . .	Kalamazoo, Mich.	GAMMA, . . .	1895	. . .	Battle Creek, Mich.
BETA, . . .	1895	. . .	Jackson, Mich.	EPSILON, . . .	1895	. . .	Washington, D. C.
ZETA, . . .	1900	. . .	Fort Wayne, Ind.				

ZETA CHAPTER ROLL

HONORARY MEMBERS

Florence Ewing Barrett.
Carrie Elizabeth Hughes.
Catherine Hoffman.
Esther McDonald.

Mrs. Anna Bond Brown.
Mary Ellen McDonald.
Elizabeth Jane Knight.
Jessie Belle Reitze.

ALUMNI MEMBERS

Clara Phelps Porter.
Hazel Blanch Pearse.
Louise Bond.
Adelaide Amelia Diether.
Alice May Fitch.

Almana Beebe.
Flora Wilhelmina Peters
Emma Della Rossell.
Edith May Philley.
Georgiana Lura Fee.

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Grace Aurelia Fitch.
Martha Grace Smith.
Elinor Bond.

Edith Rebecca Hughes.
Elizabeth Morris Evans.
Sinclair Hattersley.

Helen Jackson.
Clara O'Rourke.
Alice Harrison Foster.

PLEDGED

Mamie Elizabeth Blair. Lois Field. Hester Bash.
Jessamine Bailey. Donna Saylor.



DELTA SIGMA NU SISTERS

Georgiana Lulu Fee.
Hazel Blanche Pearse.
Martha Grace Smith.
Clara O'Rourke.

Esther McDonald.
Edith Rebecca Hughes.
Louise Bond.
Edith May Philley.

Alice May Fitch.
Flora Wilhelmina Peters.
Emma Della Rossell.
Jessie Belle Reitze.

Elinor Bond.
Elizabeth Morris Evans.
Alelaide Amelia Diether.
Sinclair Hattersley.

These were the charter members of the Gamma Delta Tau Sorority.

ALPHA OMEGA SORORITY

COLORS: Maroon and White.

FLOWER: Red Rose,

ROLL OF CHAPTERS

ALPHA Fort Wayne, Ind.
BETA Buffalo, New York.

MEMBERS

Florida J. Banning.
R. Madge Jewell.

Francis M. Greene.
E. Evelyn Walter.

May B. Woolsey.
Jessica M. Taylor.

G. L. C. L.

ORGANIZED 1922

COLORS: Three Shades of White,

FLOWER: Black Rose,

MOTTO

"Labor ipse voluptas."

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Ethel Fryer.

Margaret Johnson.

Edith Ortman.

Bessie Keeran.



THE PERICLEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

COLORS: Lavender and Green.

FLOWER: White Carnation.

ALBERT SCHAAF,	President
ARTHUR PARRY,	Vice-President
DAVID MCNAUGHTON,	Secretary
WILLIAM NUTTING,	Treasurer
HARRY MCCORMICK,	Censor

CHARTER MEMBERS

Charles Felts.
David Longacre.
Edward Lukens.
Harry McCormick.
David McNaughton.
Paul Preston.
Albert SchAAF.

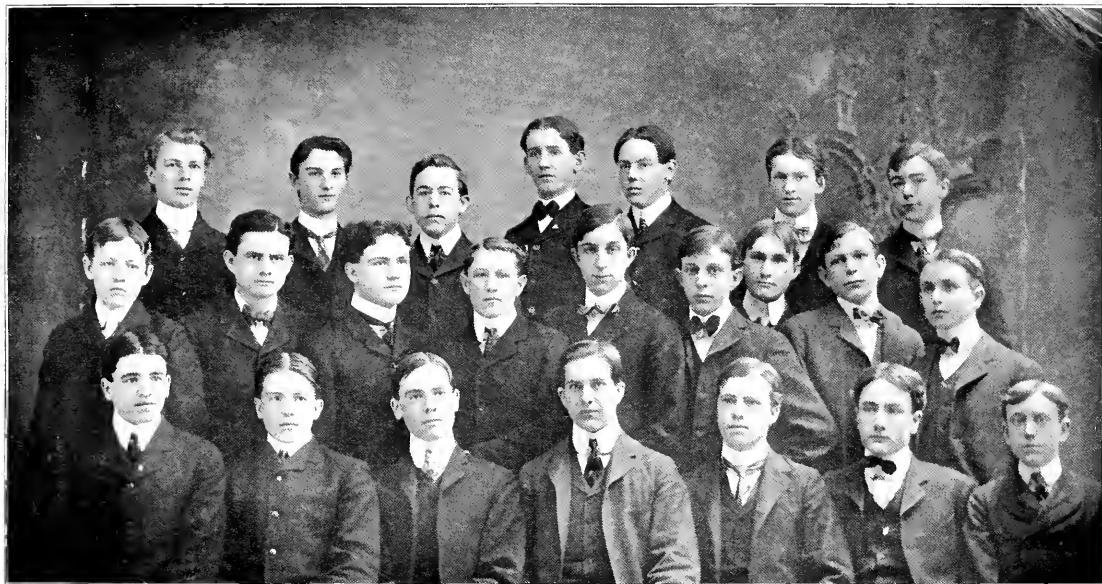
A C T I V E M E M B E R S

C. Bash.
F. Bohn.
G. Bohn.
E. Eckles.
R. Feustel.
E. Fleming.
H. Ginty.

R. Grosjean.
F. Hickman.
J. Hoffman.
W. Hull.
G. Knight.
S. Morris.
M. Porter.

F. Sale.
J. Smith.
P. Titus.
G. Thorward.
A. Twining.
R. Wilson.
And Charter Members.

The Periclean Literary Society was organized September 25, 1901, for the purpose, as the constitution states, of "disciplining and liberalizing our minds." To attain this object has been the constant aim of the Society. Frequent debates full of interest and practical use have been held. A pleasing program was arranged by the society for the school just before the Christmas vacation. A mock trial which drew forth an immense, though somewhat unruly audience, was held under the auspices of the Society last February. Several other meetings of varying character, but uniform interest, gave pleasant evenings to the members and at times also to the friends of the Society. The Periclean Literary Society is not an organization for this year only. It was formed with a view of making it a permanent feature of the High School. A strong constitution gives back-bone to the Society and enough active members will return to school next fall to continue the work so well begun. Thus the society will not only develop its members as debaters and orators, give them a broad view of noted authors together with their works, and furnish them with a pleasing yet profitable diversion from their school work, but it will also aid in making the Fort Wayne High School a truly good place to go to.



THE HIGH SCHOOL GLEE CLUB

OFFICERS

WILLIAM NUTTING,	Manager	EDWARD LUKENS,	Secretary
PROF. MILES,	Director	GEORGE JACOBS,	Pianist

FIRST TENORS

F. Ruf.	A. Schaaf.	R. Willson.
---------	------------	-------------

SECOND TENORS

C. Durnell.	E. Olds.	J. Smith.	R. Feustel.	G. Knight.	G. Sharp.
L. Halderman.		H. Schlatter.	E. Fleming.	H. Link.	H. Schlatter.
F. Hickman.		E. Sterling.	H. Ginty.	A. Parry.	P. Titus.
J. Hoffman.		G. Thorward.		D. Vesey.	

FIRST BASE

SECOND BASE

W. Fitch	J. Maxwell.	P. Preston.	W. Nutting.
E. Lukens.	H. McCormick.		A. Tennant.

The organizing of the High School Glee Club was due mainly to the kind offer of Mr. Miles to direct such a club. An enthusiastic meeting was held January 16th to perfect an organization, and ever since the club has practiced once a week. It has already attained such high efficiency as a musical body that it has twice been permitted to sing at the morning exercises. The Glee Club also sang at the "Morning Musical" held in the Wayne Club, April 12, and was applauded very liberally.

The Glee Club is especially remarkable for its splendid tone volume with which it often shakes the old building to its foundation, causing the people in it to wonder whether the world is coming to an end. Such distressingly pathetic melodies are sometimes evolved from the throats of the gifted singers that stray dogs and cats around the building begin to howl with sympathy and a horse occasionally gives vent to a musical neigh, clearly indicating that its musical nature also is stirred up. No rational person can doubt that a glorious future full of fame and laurels is in store for the High School Glee Club.



N. L. U. CAMPING CLUB

COLORS: Green and White.

FLOWER: White Chrysanthemum.

YELL

*Yum! Yum! Fiddle Dide Bum!
Hump! Stump! a Flum a Diddle!
Air a Bubble Rig Dum; Jig Dum!
Bode, Mode, Kiro!
Delko, Diro!
Sho, Sho, Sho Rack a Dog!
Sho Rack a Sum Sum, N. L. U.*

OFFICERS

President	ESTHER GRIFFITHS.
Secretary	JUANITA HEYMAN.
Treasurer	HENRIETTA STRASS.

MEMBERS

Esther Griffiths.	Estelle Heyman.	Henrietta Strass.
Charlotte Haberkorn.	Jessie Parry.	Jessie Haberkorn.
Hazel Ginty.	Juanita Heyman.	

HONORARY MEMBER

Mayme Swindler, Indiana University.

D'S O F G.

COLORS: Stem Green and Violet.

FLOWER: Violet.

M. E. T.

MYSTIC ORDER OF FIVE

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Edward Clarence Olds,	Miles Fuller Porter.
	Milton Hirsh.

MEMBERS

Louise Pellens.	Alice Worden.	Donna Sailor.
Mary Tigar.	Helen Hackett.	Lois Field.
	Grace Wilding.	

ALUMNI MEMBERS

Gerald Sterling,	A. Jean You.
"We Toil Not, Neither do We Spin"	
—: But Wait :—	

MOTTO

"Gibble, Gabble, Gobble ana Git."

THE COTTERIE

COLORS: Olive Green and Crimson.

FLOWER: Red Carnation.

MOTTO

No Hymns.

MEMBERS

Jessie Tuckey.
Favor Vreeland.

Pearl Bond. Maude Murray.
Mae Eiter. Edith Foster.
Erma Dochterman.

C. C. C.

COLORS: Black and Yellow.

FLOWER: Sunflower.

MOTTO

Beware of Taxation Without Pleasuraton.

MEMBERS

Florence Alderman.
Grace Gates.
Favor Vreeland.

Edith Homsher.
Elizabeth Williams.
Florida Banning.

N. C. G.

COLORS: Red and Green.

FLOWER: Red Carnation.

MOTTO

*"Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way."*

OFFICERS

President MARGARET VESEY.
Vice-President DOROTHY KELL.
Secretary and Treasurer EDITH VOGLEY.
Poster Maker LEILA GREGG.
Poster Maker HELEN STAUB.
Patroness Miss MARY O. KOLB.

Edith Vogley.
Dorothy Kell.
Sally Vesey.
Leila Gregg.
Grace Diether.

MEMBERS

Jeanette Brown.
Mabel Coverdale.
Della Yann.
Margaret Vesey.
Helen Staub.
Myra Howard.

THE SENIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY

Presenting "The Professor's Discovery"

April 2, 1902.

Broadway Theatre.

General Manager: ROYDEN TIGAR.

Stage Manager: A. GLENN SAWYER.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Professor C. T. Lane, F. W. H. S.,	PAGE YARNELLE	Hilda Lane,	BERNADETTE MONNAHAN
Professor Raven, Professor of Biology,	ALBERT SCHAAF	Jessamine Daly,	FAVOR VREELAND
Bill Cutting,	ARTHUR PARRY	Frank Hamilton,	GEORGE THORWARD
Dorothy Alldense,	ALICE FOSTER	Chester Gunten,	WM. SCHADEN
Hardy Night,	ROBERT FEUSTEL	Harry McGinty,	ROYDEN TIGAR
Louise Cutting,	GRACE SMITH	Patrick Dooley, Junior High School,	ROBERT KINNAIRD
Elinore Bondy,	ELIZABETH EVANS	Other Students,	WAGENHALS, TWINING, GROSSJEAN
	Rags,	SCHOOL MASCOT	

ACT I. In the first act of the play, the audience is introduced in a general way to the students and the professor who take the parts throughout the whole of the farce. It is here that Professor Raven makes his first public statement regarding an experiment by which he expects to create life in the form of a star-fish. After the class has been dismissed there is a little general gossip, and some remarks which show the different opinions of the students in regard to the professor and his work. The climax of this act is the determination of Bill Cutting and his sweetheart, Dorothy Alldense, to fool Professor Raven by a joke.

ACT II. The first scene of this act shows us the biological laboratory. Professor Raven, assisted by Hardy Night, a student of marked scientific ability, does his work which he fondly hopes will result in a star-fish. Before Professor Raven arrives, however, and while Night is gone on some mission, Bill comes sneaking in to play his part in bringing about the desired results. He deftly slips a small star-fish into the jar where the form of life is to appear, and then "makes tracks." In doing so, however, he forgets his notebook. This book is found by Night upon his reappearance. Then Professor Raven arrives and together they work out the experiment to a successful end as they suppose. The second scene is a short one. It takes place the day after the professor's discovery and the whole scientific world rings with the praise of Professor Raven. The papers are full of it and a party of students meeting on the street exchange comments about it. Then comes a second exciting topic. The football team has defeated the Huntington team—5-0. Preparations are made for a celebration on the campus that night. In the next scene the students are out with horns, and colors, yells, songs, speeches and gossip. The campus scene is one of the most realistic of the play.

ACT III. This act marks the beginning of the end. The professor, seated in the laboratory, is reading the messages of congratulation that pour in from all parts of the country. Then he repeats the experiment to get exact data. What is this? The star-fish fails to appear! The professor begins to get nervous. Just then Hardy Night comes in and notices Professor Raven's dejected attitude. The professor explains that he has repeated the experiment and no star-fish appeared. He sees that he has been the victim of a practical joke. He charges Night with it and Hardy, to keep disgrace from the brother of the girl he loves—for he feels sure that Bill Cutting did the trick,—does not deny it.

ACT IV. In the last act all wrongs are righted. The students as a body learn that the professor's discovery was a farce, and consequently there is much conjecture as to who the perpetrator of the trick was and how he managed it. Then Professor Raven comes in and explains the falsity of his discovery to the class and lays the blame on Hardy Night. This is more than Bill Cutting can endure. He jumps up and confesses his guilt. Then Dorothy rises and explains how she urged Bill on and kept him up to the scratch. These confessions startle the worthy teacher. However, he forgives both Bill and Dorothy, and reinstates Night, who has been expelled from school.

ANTI-BARBERS' CLUB
OR THE LOYAL FOLLOWERS
OF SAMSON

MOTTO

In Length of Hair There is Strength.

MEMBERS		
Tigar.	Williams.	Titus.
Hamilton.	Thorward.	Dunten.
Preston.		

UNMITIGATED SONS OF
MINISTERS

PURPOSE: To prove that ministers' sons are negatively good in the same degree as their fathers are positively so.

CHIEF DEMONSTRATOR
Mr. Crowe.

ABLE ASSISTANTS

Preston.	Fleming.	Wagenhals.
Brackenridge.	Sawyer.	Schaaf.
	Leeper.	

AGRICULTURAL CLUB

COLORS: Three Shades of Green.

SPECIAL GIFT

To Look Like "Agricolae."

MEMBERS

The gentlemen of the faculty.

ART CLUB

COLORS: Every One in the Rainbow.

AIM

To do Their Share in Disfiguring the World.

MEMBERS

C. Haberkorn.	D. Saylor.	E. Griffith.
P. Shephard.		Nutting.
Kinnaird.	Williams.	Erickson.

THEIR WORTHY SISTERS IN
MISFORTUNE

Lois Field.	Jessamine Bailey.
Elizabeth Williams.	Adelia Sauer.

REJECTED SUITORS'
CLUB

COLORS: All Shades of Blue.

MOTTO

If at First You Don't Succeed, Try, Try Again.

MEMBERS

Wagenhals.	Thorward.	Kinnaird.
Beers.	Feustel.	Preston.

NOTE:—Wagenhals pleads that he never got enough steam on to pop.

NAVY BLUE AND GOLD ASSERTS ITSELF AT THE '01

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

When the members of '01 were making final preparations for graduation, they firmly resolved that no demonstrations by the Juniors should mar their peaceful repose. How they succeeded is alluded to in the '02 history. The occasion was so great, however, that a more complete discussion is appropriate.

The boys of the Junior Class were comparatively small, and not particularly distinguished for athletic talents, while the boys of the Senior Class were large, strong-limbed, vigorous fellows. Mentally, however, the two classes were inversely proportional to their physical endowments. Knowing that they must depend upon their brains for successful operations, the Juniors held frequent councils of war, and finally succeeded in mapping out a promising plan of campaign.

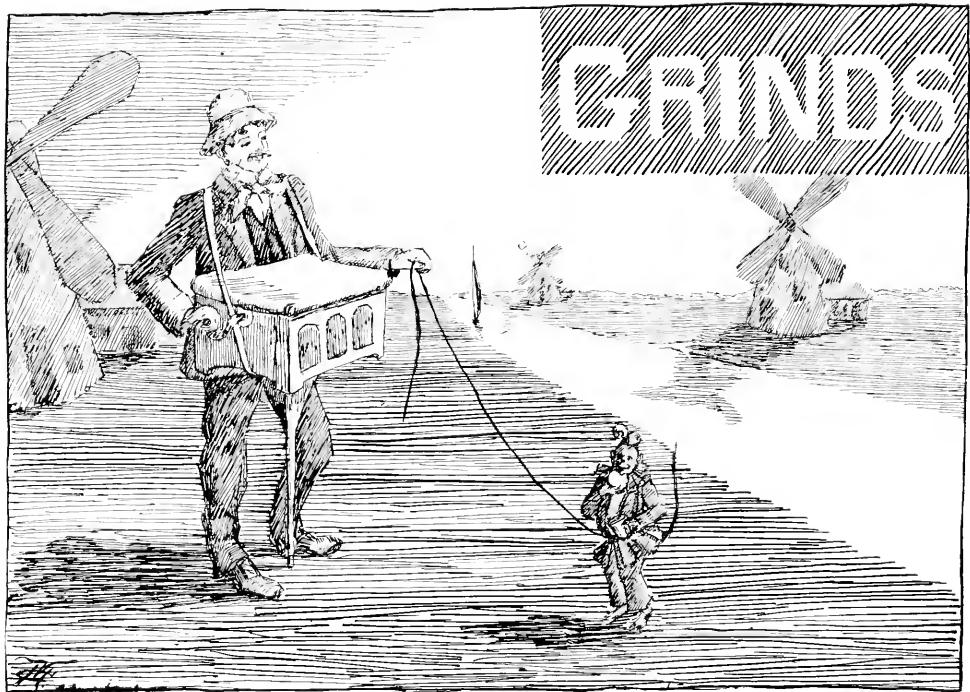
At last the eventful evening arrived. The Juniors, who of course served as ushers, appeared in white duck trousers, and dark coats for contrast. Beautiful insignia of the glorious navy-blue and gold fastened on by the '02 class pins presented themselves to view. This tasteful uniformity in dress immediately won the hearts of the whole audience.

The more stirring surprises came a little later in the evening. Just as the salutatorian had finished her charming address, several of the ushers walked down the aisle with a mysterious bundle in their hands. When they were in view of the whole audience, they let go, and lo! three balloons, bearing gorgeous streamers of navy-blue and gold rose on high, midst the deafening cheers of the spectators. Two of these balloons, like good little children, remained aloft in their exalted positions, but the third one was wafted about by gentle zephyrs and rose and fell at its own sweet will.

At length it seemed to decide to head for the speaker of the evening, who was just then making his address, though probably no one in the whole theater including the speaker himself could tell what he was talking about at this critical moment. Everybody in the house was bubbling over with suppressed excitement. Speculation was rife, as to whether the balloon would hit the speaker on his bald spot, and prove a hair restorer, or whether it would merely graze his nose. The Seniors were nearly wild with shame and anger. Hamilton was ready to faint, and Hopkins looked as though he were about to charge through a foot ball line up. At last after long, long moments of painful suspense and anxiety, the balloon reached the stage, and before it could do any further mischief, one of the musicians made a wild lunge and succeeded in capturing the bold scapegrace.

Before the exciting descent occurred, the valedictorian had made her debut. At the close of her masterly oration, she was presented with a beautiful bouquet of white roses, the class flower of '02, tied by long navy blue and gold ribbons. She did the best thing possible under the circumstances by gracefully displaying the noble colors. Thus another plan had succeeded.

The enterprising Juniors were not yet satisfied. At the conclusion of the address by the speaker of the evening, the ushers in the balcony stepped to the front and unfurled long rolls of navy blue and gold tissue paper, and tacked them to the balustrade. This concluded the most elaborate, most successful, and most pleasant series of tricks ever worked at any high school commencement exercises. The friendly character of the tricks is well shown by the fact that later, both the Seniors themselves and the faculty congratulated the juniors on their success. May succeeding classes, if they desire to assert themselves at commencement exercises, follow the example of Nineteen Two in this regard as in all others, and work harmless, unoffensive, and yet exciting tricks.



CIRCULATING LIBRARY

“Great Expectations”—Freshmen.	“On the Heights”—The Seniors.
“Pilgrims’ Progress”—The Sophomores.	“Our Mutual Friend”—Mr. Lane.
“Hard Times”—The Juniors.	“Bleak House”—Room No. 9.
“Choir Invisible”—Glee Club.	
“Lullaby Land”—Chemical Laboratory.	
“Guardian Angel”—Miss Blynn.	
“Some Wild Animals I Knew”—Tigar, Crowe, Jay, Fox.	
“The Man in the Iron Mask”—Ed Leach (Catcher in Baseball Team.)	
“Stepping Heavenward”—Miss Hamilton.	
“LesMiserables”—Junior German Class.	
“We Two”—Mamie and Harry.	
“The Last of the Barons”—Mr. VonKahlden.	
“A Noble Life”—Frank Hamilton.	
“Lover or Friend”—Alice Foster.	
“Vanity Fair”—Miss Kolb.	
“Nobody”—Dan Beers.	
“Old Fashioned Girl”—Clara O’Rourke.	
“Old Curiosity Shop”—Physical Laboratory.	
“Our Village”—Fort Wayne.	
“Study in Scarlet”—Doris Diamond.	“The First Violin”—Donna Saylor.
“Seats of the Mighty (Bad)”—Bench.	“Beacon Lights”—Faculty.
“Don Quixote”—Mr. McMillen.	“Shams”—Previous Annuals.

JUNIORS

The first to consider
At the head of the list,
Is Dorothy Albrecht,
Who's never been kissed.

After her is a farmer
Known as Dwight Ashley;
But don't speak of either
Any too rashly!

A Miss Coverdale
Is not worth the space,
Were it not for the sake
Of that smile on her face.

Along with these,
Comes an orator famed,
And, in case you can't guess him,
It's Fleming, he's named.

But Oh! Don't forget
Hilda-garde Lane,
Who can not be judged
Alone by her name.

This class is a "hoodoo;"
For of Mac's there are three,
MacCormick, MacAllister,
And Miss MacFee.

And yet comes Bill Nutting,
Who rides a fine horse,
Who's no use for a pony
In a plain English course.

Now my gentle reader
Just give me your attention,
And I will tell some things to you,
Which you are not to mention.
They're all about a little crowd
Which calls itself "The Juniors"
Of whom we are not justly proud
To follow us as "Seniors."

And then there is Dunten,
The football man strong,
Followed by Felts,
Who'se as broad as he's long.

Ginty's a famous
Cicero "shark;"
And Hamilton's not
As bad as his bark.

There's also a lad,
Smiling David Longacre,
Whose secret ambition's
To be a street fakir.

You may see among these
That there are quite a number
Who would do valiant deeds
And accomplish great wonders,
But, never-the-less,
It's their fate to lament
That things do not always
Turn out as the're meant
And that these are things
Far easier to do
Than to carry the palm
From the class of '02.

There's a coy little miss
By the name of Bailey,
Who thumps the piano
At chapel quite gaily.

There's a Banning, a Bash,
A Bond, and a Brown,
Not one of whom 'll
Turn the world upside down.

Miss Fitch is the girl
In geometry lost
As well as her class-mate,
Miss Lenna Frost.

Now this brings us down
To our friend Gearry Knight
Who (in his own mind)
Is strictly all right.

And then there is Lukens,
An impudent "squirt"
And dear Albert Lansdown,
Who's too lazy to work.

There is Mr. Paul Preston,
A lad of great fame
Who belongs to the Glee Club,
Though his voice is quite lame.

There's Scheuman and Thomas
And two persons called Shoup,
Miss Zook and Bill Zent
And Williams, the "soup."

POPULAR MUSIC OF THE DAY

"OH, THE FRESH AND BALMY AIR"

Composed by William Nutting in commemoration of the frequent kind passes given him free of charge by Mr. Lane. This song is very remarkable for its humorous presentation of grim tragedy as could only be expected from an able and experienced composer like Mr. Nutting.

"HERE ARE THE BEST OF FRIENDS"

A very touching ballad written by Mr. McMillen and dedicated to his wife. This is decidedly the "hit" of the season.

"WHAT A JOLLY LIFE I LEAD"

Words and music by Dorothy Albrecht. This piece has been translated into seven different languages, is sold everywhere, and gives universal satisfaction.

"THE TIGAR HUNTER'S TWO STEP"

By Donna Saylor. When this piece is properly executed it is imitative of thrilling realities so that it is appreciated by all who have enjoyed this most delightful of sports.

"MELTING AWAY, MY LOVE, MY DEAREST, SWEETEST LOVE, I LIVE THIS LIFE BUT FOR YOU"

Words and music by Harry Hattersley; characterized by the usual slushing quality of this noted composer's work.

BUREAU OF ADVICE

MR. HARRY McCORMICK

Keep right on using our Demosthenic Voice Restorer. The twelve bottles have done you remarkable good. With a few more we think you can make yourself heard at least six feet from your teacher, provided that nothing disturbs the intervening medium.

MISS EDITH FOSTER

We should suggest that you do not ride your pony every night. Occasional jaunts may be permissible, but too much riding will wear it to skin and bones.

MR. ARTHUR PARRY

If the nosebleed is chronic that, strange to say, invariably occurs

when you come to a place in the lesson which you don't know, you had better do something for it. It is very dangerous to lose as much blood as you must have lost.

MISS DORIS DIAMOND

We would advise you to take a dose of machine oil three times a day for that awful shriek. If neglected it may have terrible consequences.

MR. CHARLES FELTS

A pipe may not be as bad as cigarettes, but is notoriously injurious to lanky men. If smoke you must, confine yourself to twenty-five cent Havanas.

In Memoriam

to

Alexander McCachlan Olds

Mr. Lane's Darling

who departed from our midst January twenty-third, nineteen
hundred and two

Who's left to mourn for Alex?

NOTES TO ENIAUTON EDITORS

Dear Staff:

I should be highly pleased by a good remedy for flunking.
Yours with love,
BOWLIE.

Athletic Editor:

Kindly discuss last year's football record as little as possible.
THE TEAM.

Grind Editor:

Kindly have a joke or two on Chester and me; it might inspire him.
Lovingly,
ESTHER.

Society Editress:

I should be highly gratified by information as to how to get a girl.
Yours as ever,
ROBERT FEUSTEL.

My Dear Illustrating Editor:

A good idea for a society picture would be to have me surrounded by rice, old shoes, and white satin ribbons.
Lovingly,
ALICE.

Editor-in-Chief:

I am confident that through your columns, due to their wide circulation, some person may be found with

sufficient ingenuity to invent a phonograph which will automatically repeat the words "please report" at the slightest whisper in the front hall. MISS KOLB.

Business Manager:

Kindly do not print the bill presented to us for wearing out the side walk near the high school, and oblige
MAMIE AND HARRY.

Literary Editress:

Kindly request the Senior Literature Class not to give vent to a silly and deeply insulting giggle every time my name or abode is mentioned.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Literary Editress:

Please advise the literary department of your school to cease teaching students wild and impossible interpretations of my simple thoughts. Yours truly,
WM. SHAKESPEARE.

Eniauton Staff:

Kindly suggest to the School Board that a roof garden on the new high school building would be a very valuable addition to our botanical equipment. Then, too, I would not be obliged to carry specimens in my wife's handsatchel. Yours truly,

E. P. VOORHEES.

Dear Editors:

Please don't publish more than fifty-three (53) jokes on me, but have them all in capitals.

DAN.

Dear Annual:

Fat says the '01 annual was managed differently, hence you must be on the wrong track. Yours,

ELINOR.

Calendar Editress:

Please do not mention the fact in your department that Robert Feustel put his arm around me in the play, and oblige

GRACE.

Editor-in-Chief:

Please request Arthur Parry through your columns to resign from the Glee Club, or at least to stop singing.

Respectfully,

MILIA PASSUM.

Mr. Editor:

DEAR SIR:—We hereby certify that in future years we will be able to furnish a constant supply of pure gas in the chemical laboratory. We trust that we will be forgiven for the numerous, untimely interruptions of delicate experiments.

ARTIFICIAL GAS CO.

Editor of the Eniauton:

I should like very much to enlist the High School boys as a volunteer fire man's crew. They displayed their

decided abilities in this line a few weeks ago and undoubtedly, as your revered principal is said to have remarked, saved the city.

Yours,

THE FIRE CHIEF.

Editor-in-Chief:

Please present my resignation from active service on the educational battle field of life. General debility due to old age and hard usage is my reason for this action.

THE OLD HIGH SCHOOL.

Editors of the Eniauton:

Please roast the Junior German class, not as much as they deserve (for that were impossible), but as much as is compatible with the dignity of the school.

THE BARON.

Business Manager:

Please inform your class that in spite of our sad experiences in former years, we confidently trust that it will pay all its debts. Yours Respectfully,

UNPAID CREDITORS OF FORMER CLASSES.

Advertising Department:

I hereby desire to state that I will pay a reward of fifty dollars (\$50) in two-cent stamps or dilute sulphuric acid to any rag peddler who can by any way, manner or means devise, invent, plan, discover, or steal a process by which chemistry paper can be manufactured out of the magnificent assortment of rags to be found in the chemical laboratory. All of these have been cleaned, pressed and folded.

PROF. A. B. CROWE.

QUOTATIONS

CLASSICAL QUOTATION IS THE PAROLE OF LITERARY MEN ALL OVER THE WORLD

Most of the eminent men of history have been diminutive of stature. MAURICE SELBERG.
Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please.

RALPH WILLSON.

A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse.
WILLIAM NUTTING.

A modest youth, with cool reflection crowned.
CHARLES BASH.

She looks as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth.
ELINOR BOND.

I am as sober as a judge. GRACE SMITH.
Not pretty, but massive. ADOLPH SCHULTZ.

For thy sake, tobacco, I
Would do anything but die. FRANK HAMILTON.
The idle man's brain is the devil's workshop.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS.

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman.
DORIS DIAMOND.

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
LERTON HALDERMAN.

Of all the girls that e'er were seen,
There's none so fine as—Ask SWERINGEN.
I am, sir, an orator. When I ope' my mouth let no dog bark. HARRY MCCORMICK.

The abridgement of all that is pleasant in man.
MR. LANE.

A wit among dunces, and a dunce among wits.
ARTHUR PARRY.

The man of thought strikes deepest, and strikes safely.
GEARRY KNIGHT.

He is a man
Of an unbounded stomach. HARRY GINTY.

I saw and loved. ROY TIGAR.
I am tied to the stake and must stand by the course.
DONNA SAYLOR.

A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
PAGE YARNELLE.

From the top of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth. ROBERT KINNAIRD.

Who thinks too little and talks too much.
ELIZABETH EVANS.

Unthinking, idle, wild and young. HAZEL GINTY.



WILLIE ZENT

A babe we see,
Who all day laughs and crows with glee.



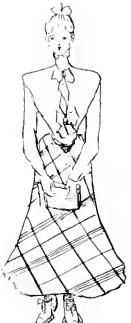
JESSAMINE BAILEY

Is winsome and wise;
Her bright understanding's
As bright as her eyes.



CHARLIE FELTS

A student with specs,
Himself with a pipe eternally decks.



DOROTHY ALBRECHT

the
sweet
little
miss
as
every
one
knows
looks
just
LIKE THIS



(HOWARD'S SOLILOQUY)

To sing or not to sing:
There is no question.
For (with me) to sing is but to screech.



ALICE

Are you not content with captured
hearts galore?
With those of George, Paul, Dan,
Fred and Kent,
What need have you for more?



GARRY KNIGHT

Angelic and meek, for naught but
marks
And Lane's smile doth seek.



CHESTER DUNTEN

Round and broad,
Is naught at bottom
But a fraud.

MAE FITZPATRICK
Though somewhat flighty and in
need of a cage,
Like everything green will improve
with age

C A L E N D A R

SEPTEMBER 9. School opens. More freshmen than ever make their way through the dark halls to the attic.

SEPTEMBER 10. Alice Foster has a hard time to keep Kent and Fred both on the good side of her.

SEPTEMBER 11. Mr. Lane announces second-hand books for sale on application to Miss Dochterman and Mr. Thorward.

SEPTEMBER 18. Mr. Lane sends Alex Olds out for some fresh air.

SEPTEMBER 19. School closes all day out of respect for Mr. McKinley's funeral.

SEPTEMBER 23. Edith Foster is the first of the Seniors to be honored with a permanent front seat.

SEPTEMBER 26. Mr. VonKahlden loses his grade book and hence is unable to count the two weeks' record of Senior A's.

OCTOBER 4. Mr. Lane says he never saw a class as stupid as the Junior Latin class.

OCTOBER 11. Mr. Miles is absent, so Miss Diamond leads the singing.

OCTOBER 14. Herbert Wagenhals has his first experience on the bench. Mr. Lane says that it is the young ladies' influence.

OCTOBER 15. Prof. Lane teaches Jessie Tuckey how to use the dictionary.

OCTOBER 18. The Periclean holds its first debate.

OCTOBER 22. Chas. Felts appears with noseglasses on.

OCTOBER 23. Miss Blynn has a green plush chair presented to her. Who was the giver?

OCTOBER 24. Harry Hattersley and Page Yarnelle think that they prefer the girl's entrance, hence enter building by front door.

OCTOBER 27. Edith Hughes looks very stunning in her new dress.

OCTOBER 29. Francis Williams has a hair cut.

NOVEMBER 7. Zona Hopkins and Chas. Felts are now quite intimate.

NOVEMBER 8. Favor Vreeland refuses to go to staff meeting because the gentleman who asked her waited until four o'clock before he invited her. The boys are *so* slow.

NOVEMBER 11. Frank Hamilton goes to sleep, and Mr. Lane wakes him up by gently thumping on his head.

NOVEMBER 12. Prof. Lane has new glasses. They annoy him exceedingly, as he is not accustomed to any kind except noseglasses.

NOVEMBER 13. Edith Foster is assigned the speaker's chair in the Vergil class.

NOVEMBER 20. Paul Preston takes another private dancing lesson.

NOVEMBER 23. Last foot ball game of the season ends with a victory of 5 to 0.

NOVEMBER 26. Paul Preston returns a reference book to Miss Kolb during a recitation. Paul hears from Miss Kolb.

NOVEMBER 27. Thanksgiving vacation begins. Teachers as well as pupils rejoice.

DECEMBER 2. Vacation is over, and the career of books is again begun.

DECEMBER 4. Prof. Lane leaves his dinner basket in the hall. When he goes to get it he finds a small toy basket in its place.

DECEMBER 5. Albert Schaaf receives a P in a Geometry test. How wonderful!

DECEMBER 9. A number of girls apply to Miss Kolb for admission into the I. C.

DECEMBER 10. Mr. McMillen sends Page upstairs to advertise his new shoes.

DECEMBER 12. Grace Smith sits behind Edward Miller so as to admire his broad shoulders.

DECEMBER 16. Alex Olds stops school. The seniors all regret to loose Alex, and the staff will greatly miss his efficient work and untiring efforts.

DECEMBER 17. Paul Preston aids his brother in stealing the Jefferson school bell clapper. How about that, Paul?

DECEMBER 20. Periclean society gives the school a very delightful entertainment as a beginning of the holiday vacation.

C A L E N D A R

JANUARY 6, 1902. Vacation is over and we all once more joyfully enter upon the daily routine of study.

JANUARY 7. Mr. McMillen postpones the Senior book review for the "benefit of the delegation that appealed to him at noon."

JANUARY 8. Grace Smith frightens Miss Kolb terribly by tumbling down stairs.

JANUARY 11. The Seniors hold a very successful sale.

JANUARY 13. Elizabeth Evans has her seat changed in literature because she cannot resist the temptation to talk to Page.

JANUARY 15. Bernadette Monnahan makes a disturbance when the lines are passing, and is given a seat on the bench before each dismissal.

JANUARY 17. The H. S. Eating club hold a banquet in the ladies dining room. They regret exceedingly that absence from the city prevented Mr. Lane's attendance.

JANUARY 21. Mr. VonKahlden tells the Seniors that they are far superior to any preceding classes.

JANUARY 24. Lilian Joost goes to sleep in school.

JANUARY 27. Mr. Lane explains the use of legal cap to the Juniors who have not yet learned the proper way to use it. Oh, you stupid Juniors.

JANUARY 29. Mr. Lane blows into the thermometer so as to raise the temperature of the room.

FEBRUARY 3. First day of new term, and Mr. Lane celebrates it by receiving callers,—flunkers.

FEBRUARY 7. The Juniors give a dance in honor of the Seniors. A very enjoyable evening passes away entirely too quickly.

FEBRUARY 14. St. Valentine's day lightens the hearts of many.

FEBRUARY 18. Herman Bittler takes a bell to school to play with. Mr. Price says he has a boy at home that would enjoy it fully as much as Herman.

FEBRUARY 20. The latest crush promenades—Roy Tigar and Donna Saylor.

FEBRUARY 21. Grace Smith asserts in literature that she answered the question put to her, but no one stands by her. "Friends tell me not I lie, else by gracious ye shall die."

FEBRUARY 24. Erma Dochtermann does her hair up. The result is very "catching," hence very satisfactory.

FEBRUARY 26. While Mr. Lane is in Chicago the teachers glory in their momentary authority.

FEBRUARY 28. Mr. Von Kahlden finds it necessary to don rubber boots to pass over the country roads.

MARCH 4. Doris Diamond changes the architecture of her hair.

MARCH 6. Mr. Lane's remark to Alice Foster in Vergil bears repeating. "Well, we are waiting for some sense to emerge."

MARCH 10. William Zent and Estella Helmer promenade.

MARCH 13. Grace Smith promenades with Miles Porter. He's little but he's better than none (so Miss Smith says).

MARCH 19. The Fox building burns and fully one fifth of the school is absent.

MARCH 20. Miss Edith Foster acknowledges that she never translates at sight.

MARCH 17. Albert Schaaf breaks his record of attending school ten years without missing a session, by being absent occasioned by a sprained ankle, the result as high school gossips say of running after a girl. (This report he vehemently denies.)

MARCH 25. Roy Tigar blows his nose and Miss Baker asks Mr. McMillen if he is talking to her. Mr. McMillen feels highly complimented.

MARCH 26. Miss Hamilton tells Roy Lopshire and Laura Benoy to quarrel a little as they are altogether too intimate.

MARCH 27. William Schaden disturbs the literature recitation by snoring.

MARCH 31. Mr. McMillen once more has a smooth face.

APRIL 1. School closes for the rest of the week on account of the convention at South Bend.

APRIL 2. The great theatrical event of the season, "The Professor's Discovery" by the Senior Class.

APRIL 3. The Eniauton goes to press.

JUNE 18. The Class of '02 graduates. Very appropriately the High School is heavily draped in black.

ANCIENT MYTHOLOGY AS APPLIED TO THE HIGH SCHOOL

Terra Firma	The High School.
Tartarus	The Bench.
The Elysian Fields	The Rear Seats in Room 9.
Mt. Olympus	Mr. Lane's Platform.

DIVINE BEINGS

Zeus : Mr. Lane.	Mars : Mr. McMillen.	Apollo : Mr. Vorhees.
Vulcan : Mr. VonKahlden.		Neptune : Mr. Price.
Mercury : Mr. Crowe.	Juno : Miss Jay.	Minerva : Miss Blynn.
Ceres : Miss Hamilton.		Venus : Miss Kolb.
Vesta : Miss Sperry.		Saturn : Mr. Study.
Pluto—God of the Under World : The Janitor.		The Three Fates : The School Board.

ANCIENT HEROES AND HEROINES

Hercules : Adolph Schultz.	Ulyxes, the Crafty One (?) : David Longacre.
Achilles (the Warrior) : Harry Hattersley.	Andromeda : Sinclair Hattersley.
Pandora : Dorothy Albrecht.	Perseus : William Nutting.
Menelaus : Robert Feustel.	Theseus : Roy Tigar.
Helen : Erma Dochterman.	Ariadne : Donna Saylor.
Orpheus : Howard Sweringen.	Queen Dido : Grace Smith.

The Crew of the Argo : The Staff. Jason : Albert Schaaf. The Golden Fleece : The Annual.

FINAL EXAMINATIONS

GEOMETRY

1. Prove that the Freshmen are variables which constantly approach the Lilliputians as a limit.
2. Given, Dorothy Albrecht in a crowd of boys. Find the locus of Dorothy.
3. Prove that "Boots" Fitch is a point; *i. e.*, has neither length, breadth nor thickness.
4. Find the ratio of the empty space in Ashley's head to the sawdust in Bowlie's.

PHYSICS

1. What kinetic energy is expended in bringing Mr. Crowe to the boiling point by the Kinnaird rapid-fire question process?
2. If Dunten fell into the Maumee river with a bottle of champaigne in his pocket, what would be the buoyancy of his spirits?
3. If Yarnelle sets down on a tack what is the acceleration in the normal velocity of his rising?
4. What horse power is required to overcome Hamilton's inertia?

E. O. K. A.

1. Why does Mr. VanKahlden shave his head and not his face?
2. Did Mr. Lane and others of our "Profs." really buy their bicycles at the Fruit House sale?
3. How are the Juniors like the villain in a dime matinee?

SUGGESTION: He can only say, "Foiled again."

4. Why are students seldom kept after school during the bowling season?
5. Why do the Freshman girls always decline "hic" as follows:

*Hic, bac, hoc,
Hug-us, bug-us, bug-us,
Quick, quick, quick?*

6. Why are some students always absent from school the day before examinations and book reviews?
7. How large a fortune can be spent on cream puffs?
8. At what corner will the "cop" stand when the new High School dream is realized?
9. Where does Mr. Crowe get his peppermint drops?

THE JUNIOR BLAST

VOL. 0, No. 0.

APRIL 7, 1902.

PUBLISHED BY 1903.

A GREAT BATTLE FOUGHT

SENIORS WIN.—JUNIORS COMING IN A POOR SECOND.

FORT WAYNE, IND., April 3, 1902.—The rumor has been circulated that the doughty champions of '02 have met and completely annihilated the class of '03 in a mighty battle fought at Broadway Theater last evening. The whole army of the Juniors attacked and carried the outpost of the Seniors, but '02 reinforcements came up just in the nick of time. After some charges and countercharges they succeeded in regaining the prisoners, who had been placed in an army wagon for safe conduct, and in putting the Juniors to rout.

—
FORT WAYNE, IND., April 4, 1902.—The above report has been verified with the addition that General Felts took a seat "way back" at the performance given by the class of '02. As commanding general of the class of '03, General Felts feels his defeat most keenly, but claims that it was due to the insubordination of Colonels Dunten and McCormick. These two officers were interviewed and say that General Felts got his orders mixed and did not use either wisdom or strategy in carrying out his campaign. The loss was Seniors 0, Juniors 9,297 killed and wounded. Besides this it is reported that Captain Bowlie lost considerable hair in the precipitate rush down the mountain side.

SENIOR DRAMATICS

Last Wednesday night at Broadway theater, occurred what the audience declared was the greatest dramatic representation of years. The house was packed to the doors, and thousands were turned away.

The caste, which in luded all the theatrical stars of the American stage was in especially fine condition, and the presentation of the "Professor's Discovery" was marvelous. This result was largely due to the efforts of Mr. Ronald Dawson, who spent much time in bring the troupe to the highest point of efficiency. For once, the Juniors, overawed by the majesty of the Senior class, and not yet forgetful of their recent defeat, remained perfectly docile.

The most exciting point in the play came in the street scene, in the second act, when Hardy Night, alias Robert Feustel gracefully twined his arm about the waist of Miss Louise Cutting, alias Miss Grace Smith. It is greatly to be feared that the shock given to Miss Cutting by this act of gallantry, has not yet wholly departed.

Miss Elinor Bondy's gracious acceptance of that beautiful and fragrant bouquet, which looked as if it came from a last summer's hat, was another noticeable event. Poor little Frank Hamilton was almost broken-hearted

THE BOLD KIDNAPPERS

Twenty little Junior lads,
Unworthy most of mention,
Went to Schroeder's hall one night
To raise a huge dissention.

A Senior lad stood near the door ;
One of the lovers, he,
Who was by chance the destined one
To be taken by naught-three.

But his sweetheart could not spare him,
So after him the Seniors chased,



And out into the crowded hall
And down the stairs they raced.

And down there on the street below,
Occurred a mighty bout,
And the Seniors drove the Juniors
In confusion and in rout.

Then from the rickety wagon,
Drawn by a bony horse,
They took the stolen Parry,
And brought him back perforce.

LIVELY SCENES IN SENIOR SENATE

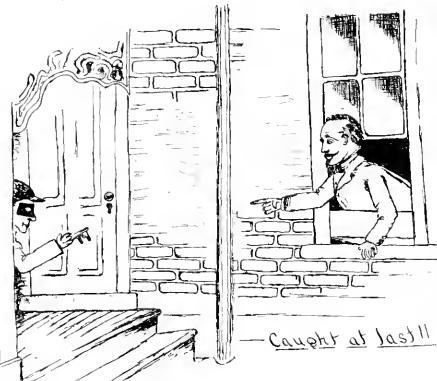
WE ARE THE PEOPLEVILLE, MARCH 31, 1902.—Many lively scenes were witnessed in the senate house today. The result is that there are three dead and four seriously wounded Senators. The meeting was called to order by President Parry. The floor was immediately yielded to Senator Yarnelle who offered resolutions to have the usual commencement dance. A heated discussion immediately arose. The gentleman from Kicker County thought that the dance was a good place to show off our new duds to the admiring public. He was greeted with effusive ha! ha's!

In the twinkling of an eye a great fight was on; hot air, spleen and bad blood were hurled through the air with the rapidity of lightning; above the tumult was heard: "You're a liar!" The president shouted vainly for order. In a fit of passion Senator Feustel broke a blood vein and died a most pathetic death. Two others followed suit and three happy souls had escaped the sorrows of this world. The singing of the High School Glee Club at that moment drowned out the cries of the infuriated senators, and the president recognized a motion for adjournment, which was carried by unanimous approval. The remains of the lamented Feustel will lie in state with those of the others for six weeks without being embalmed.

Some girls at the high school would be called Miss "Flour On the Face" if they lived among the Indians.

A GRAVE OFFENSE

HIGHSCOOLDOM, APRIL 1, 1902.—This realm has been thrown into much uproar and confusion resulting from the capture of one green goods man who was caught while fastening the door of the sanctum of Learnoles.



The police and detective force take great pride in the capture, as the culprit has made several successful attempts of the same nature. It was announced from the rostrum that this prisoner "was a problem and should be made an example of." The civil officers have called out the militia as there are many conspirators banded together with the convict, and a great uprising is feared.

When interviewed, the prisoner smiled blandly and remarked that it was worth six weeks on the bench at hard labor, to cause the police department so much worry and loss

of sleep. He claims that he was largely bribed to do so desperate an act. It is thought that his sentence will be three to five days in the open air, with all privileges of attending classes taken away.

SENIOR DRAMATICS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

because he was hissed by some Juniors, who are in the habit of hissing the villain in the famous dime matinees. This hissing, or as our dear principle would say, this goose noise, was the only mark of disapproval or approbation the Juniors could summon up enough courage to utter. Our poor little, weak-hearted class of '03! It's a shame!

Women were made before the mirror and have remained before it ever since.

WANT ADVERTISEMENTS

WANTED—A few added convolutions of gray matter to be able to comprehend the work too advanced for our tender years.
'03 GEOMETRY CLASS.

WANTED—Trained nurse to catch me when I fall.
NELLIE ANDERSON.

WANTED—To know why "Reddy" Wagner kept away from me at the Huntington baseball game, May 5.
GRACE S., 1902.

YOUNG LADIES—I am a young man of many noble traits. Being a bachelor, I greatly desire to marry. My picture upon application.
LEERTON HADERMAN, '05.

WANTED—The support of the student body at football games next fall.
TEAM.

FOR LATEST EFFECTS in padded shoulders go to Sew & Sew, Merchant Tailors. Note—We use imported Egyptian camel's hair in all padding. For reference see Yarnelle, Nutting, Hattersley, Morris, etc.

To ALL YE BALD—For a guaranteed hair raiser read Edgar Allan Poe's ghost stories.

A BIRDS-EYE VIEW

	PAST	PRESENT	FUTURE
Miss Kolb,	College Belle	Smiling Pedagogue	President of W. C. T. U.
Grace Smith,	Not Recorded	Cheerful Lawyer	Fair, Fat and Forty
Edward Lukens,	Amateur Actor	Basso in Glee Club	Proprietor of Prize Ring
Clara O'Rourke,	Studious	Studious	Studious
Ralph Willson,	Going West	Rushing Helen Jackson	Musical Star
Mr. McMillen,	Teacher at Indiana University	Teacher at High School	Country Teacher
Jessamine Bailev,	Mamma's Darling	Quaker Maiden	Missionary
Hazel Cowdrey,	Crying Baby	Amateur Elocutionist	Stump Speaker
William Nutting,	Choir Boy	Master Innocence	Deacon
Jessie Habercorn,	Sweet Singer	"Bum" Cook	Plumbing
Miles Porter,	Short Trouser	Long Trouser	Knickerbockers
James Smith,	Playing Truant	Same as M. P.	?
Erma Doherteman,	Nursing a Broken Heart	Working for a "Case"	Woman Suffragist
Anna Biddle,	Jumping Rope	Student (?)	School Marm
Mr. Lane,	Principal of High School	Principal of High School	Principal of High School
Arthur Parry,	Acting Like a Child	Indifferent	Poet Laureate of United States
Lillian Joost,	Whining Little Girl	Always Smitten	Elopement
Hazel Ginty,	Little Fairy	A Spoiled Child	Change of Name
Dan Beers,	Born Talking	Still Talking	Died Talking
Frank Hamilton,	Big Mouth	A Prig	Preacher
Elizabeth Evans,	Dutch Blonde	Just "Lizzie"	Ask Page
Charles Feltz,	A Chubby Little Boy	Stilts	Would-be Kidnapper
Henrietta Strass,	A Very Docile Child	Charter Box	Prima-Donna

A BIRDS-EYE VIEW

	PAST	PRESENT	FUTURE
Paul Preston,	The Preacher's First (Spoiled)	Grabbing the Ladies	Farming at Home
Georgia Davis,	A Pretty Little Maid	Brilliant Mathematician	Teacher in High School
Harry McCormick,	Lost in Glory	Emotional Orator	Pettifogger
Dorothy Albrecht,	Chattering Baby	Automatic Jumping Jack	Frisky Old Man
George Thorward,	Dear Little Newsboy	Being Cute	Indiana School for Feeble Minded Youth
Royden Tigar,	Woozey	D-n-a's Slave	President of United States
Sinclair Hattersley,	Student at High School	Student at High School	Student at High School
Francis Williams,	Monkey	Paderewski	Whiskers
Lois Field,	Buffalo High School	Alex' Hoodoo	Dutiful Wife
Howard Sweringen,	A Good Little Fellow	Getting Worse. Why?	South Wayne
Page Yarnelle,	Dove, a Dear Little Bird	?	Vaudeville Singer
Alice Foster,	Kiddish	First Lessons	Experienced Dancing Teacher
Harry Hattersley,	Plumber	Working for "Walker & Doolittle"	Hennecked Husband
Donna Saylor,	A Mere Child	A Poor Spike	First Lady of the Land—cf. R. T.
David McNaughton,	Wabash College	First Year Fort Wayne High School	Ward School
Elinor Bond,	Swearing at Mr. Lane	Promenading with Fat	Who Can Tell—Electric Lights or Railroad?
Alvin Tennant,	A Little Mischief	A Young Dancer	Culver Military Academy
Mamie Blair,	Hill School	A Plumbing Concern	Who Knows
Grace Wilding,	A Little Fury	A Spit-Fire	Second Mrs. Caudle
Robert Feustel,	Teacher's Pet	Swell Dancer	Librarian
Edith Foster,	A Poor Musician	Skillful Memorizer of Translations	Club Woman
Esther Griffith,	Amateur Swimmer	Giddy (In Love)	Renowned Artist
Lerton Halderman,	Hard Worker	"Jollier"	Bachelor

THE PEACE OFFERING OF THE TUSCARORAS

By ELIZABETH WILLIAMS, WINNER IN THE '02 ENIAUTON STORY CONTEST.

THE Great Spirit was angry. His children, the Tuscaroras, had offended Him by omitting the yearly sacrifice of a drove of bison. For many moons no rain had fallen on the parched ground. The buffaloes had wandered to the westward, seeking fresh grass. No fish could be found; even they had sought the depth of the cool river bottom. The tribe of the Tuscaroras had been wandering, hither and thither, in search of food, but success had not yet crowned their efforts.

The shadows of evening were creeping over the valley where the red men were camped for the night. As the sun sank behind the distant hilltops, it cast its last faint rays upon a beautiful picture. Through the whole length and breadth of the valley were scattered the tents of the Indians. Forming the center of a large group, and conspicuous for its size and ornamentation, stood the lodge of Pearl Feather, the chief. Closely surrounding this were the lodges of his kinsmen, as well as his relatives by marriage. It was an animated scene to which the sun was bidding farewell. Some of the women were hurrying to the river to fetch water; others were broiling the remnants of meat, which they had stored away when game was plentiful. Children were quarreling and playing. Young braves were jumping and wrestling; a few were corralling the best and fastest horses, while driving the rest of the herd to the surrounding country for pasture.

When the tumult had reached its height, the door of Pearl Feather's lodge was pushed back, and the chief himself strode forth. His robe of newly-dressed cowskin, white and smooth, covered him from head to foot, and was held as closely about him as though it were winter. He was of immense stature, and the clinging robe covered, but did not conceal, the lines of his giant frame. A single pearl-colored feather in the scalp lock indicated his rank, and gave him the name the Tuscaroras loved so well. His face was kindly and dignified; and he spoke pleasantly to a child who obstructed his path.

Upon his leaving the tent the noise subsided and was not renewed until he had gone beyond hearing. With long rapid strides Pearl Feather covered the distance between the camp and the hills, climbed to a jutting rock, and there stood motionless, his tall figure sharply outlined against the evening sky. The kindly face was filled with sorrow, as he stretched his hands to the North, South, East and West, and then to the sky. In his heart he felt that there must be One who would take care of his children. Then, wrapping his blanket about him, he returned to his lodge.

Suddenly the beat of the tom-tom broke on the air. Forth from their tents came those warriors who were distinguished for some special bravery. They entered the dwelling of the chief and silently took their places.

Pearl Feather, who was sitting in a far corner, neither looked up nor greeted the braves as they filed in and seated themselves about him. He filled and lighted the pipe, and after smoking, handed it to the warrior on his left, and so it passed to each in turn until all had smoked. Even though they were starving, the customs of their fathers should be observed.

At last Pearl Feather broke the silence,—“My brothers, the Great Spirit is angry; what shall we do to please Him?”

None of the warriors looked up at this speech, but all remained gazing steadfastly on the ground. Again the pipe was filled, lighted, and returned, and all smoked in silence.

At length, Kahgahgee, the black raven, chief of the medicine men, spoke,—“My brothers, let us go to the abode of the Great Spirit, where the waters thunder and roar. There the medicine men will hear in the voice of the God how we can get back our food.”

One by one, the red men showed their approval by a grim nod. Then said the chief,—“My brothers, so be it,” and with a wave of his hand dismissed them.

When the last warrior had left the lodge, the curtain was pushed gently back and a beautiful maiden danced in. Wawenaissa, the chief’s daughter, was the pride of the whole tribe, and indeed, she was a beautiful picture as she stood for an instant outlined against the dark background of the tent.

As the old chief looked up and saw her standing there, his face lighted up and he held out his arms with a wealth of love in his eyes. Then in an instant he became again the Indian, calm and unemotional. Wawenaissa preceived all these changes, but was not disturbed, and running up to her father, saluted him gravely. The old chief gazed at her intently and not even his Indian nature could repress the love from shining forth from his eyes. But of what he was thinking, whether his thoughts were sad or pleasant, he gave no sign, and rising slowly made his way out of the tent.

Wawenaissa followed him out, but chose a different path from the one taken by her father. Evidently she was looking for someone, for from time to time, she would turn and look behind her. Presently she saw a tall figure half concealed among the bushes on one side of the trail. The girl knew who it was; for when she saw the figure she smiled to herself and continued her walk along the trail. When she had come opposite the figure, it took a quick step forward and a voice called “Wawenaissa.”

The girl turned with an air of great surprise and said, “Why Nawadaha, is it you?” The young brave regarded her reproachfully for an instant, then seeing that her eyes were running over with laughter he snatched her to him and held her in a long embrace.

“O, Nawadaha,” said the girl, “will the Great Spirit be always angry? My father is so sorrowful.”

“We are His children,” said the brave; “he will care for us.”

By the rising of the sun the next morning the tribe was on the march, the men on horseback and the women, save Wawenaissa, on foot. Nawadaha, on pretence that his horse was lame, lagged behind and so most of the time kept near his beloved. For days the band marched on, until one night, just at the setting of the sun, they encamped where they could plainly hear the roar of the great falls of Ongiara (Niagara).

Again the braves of the Tuscaroras sat in council, this time around the open camp fire. Pearl Feather filled the pipe and after each had smoked, he rose and said. “My brothers, the medicine men have listened to the voice of the Great Spirit, shall we hear them?” After the others had expressed their approval, he gave Kahgahgee a sign to speak. “My brothers, the Great Spirit is very angry but he loves the Tuscaroras and has told us how to please Him. We heard from Him that Wawenaissa, the maiden of highest rank, must be sacrificed to Him. On the day after the full moon she is to paddle out in her canoe and he will be ready to receive her.

As Kahgahgee finished speaking he beckoned Wawenaissa to him and placed in her hand a shell with the totem of the

tribe engraved upon it. As the old chief saw the symbol of death in the hand of his child, a spasm of agony passed over his face and he made as if he would spring to her and protect her from all harm. Then as he sank back his face became passive and calm, and raising his hand, he gave the signal of dismissal. Kahgahee with his medicine men took charge of Wawenaissa and led her to the sacrificial tent which was set upon a hill.

It was the evening of the third day. All this time Nawadaha had spoken to no one. He remained all day in the door of his lodge with his eyes fixed on the tent in which his beloved was imprisoned. But after darkness had fallen on that third night he wakened into life again and quickly made his way to the tent on the hill. He led with him a beautiful little Indian pony but as they passed around the sleeping village they made no sound, for Nawadaha had bound upon her feet strips of deer skin to prevent all hoofmarks as well as to deaden all sound.

When he reached the lodge Nawadaha opened the door, made a few steps in the gloom, and then called softly "Wawenaissa." In an instant the girl was in his arm and he strained her to him with passionate fervor. "My Nawadaha, do you not know the torture that awaits you if you are found here? My love go."

He only clasped her closer as he said "Listen, Wawenaissa, my white dove. In the bushes yonder is Firefly. Come with me. No one can reach us on the trail. We will go to the top of some high mountain, where my white dove will be safe."

The girl's face while he had been speaking had grown stern and pale. Putting her hands on his lips she cried "Stop, Nawadaha, do not tempt me for I must remain here. Do you not know that the Great Spirit is angry. I must save my people. Go my love," and raising her face she pressed her lips to his. She was now the chief's daughter, firm in her purpose to die to save her people. The young brave said no more but in his face could be seen a fixed resolve. He took the girl's hand and raised it to his lips. Then with a last look into her eyes he went out leaving Wawenaissa alone in the moonlight night.

As the sun began to rise the next morning, signs of life were seen throughout the village, for was not this day one of feasting and rejoicing? No more would they know the pangs of hunger and want, for Wawenaissa the chief's daughter, the pride of the Tuscaroras, was to give her life that the tribe might find food and raiment.

When the sun was high in the heavens they began to crowd down to the very brink of the Falls. In a short time the beat of the tom-tom was heard and down the hill came the procession. First came Pearl Feather, sad but dignified, then the Medicine Men. In their midst walked Wawenaissa. Her face was pale but firm. She was decked as for her bridal. Her single garment was a flowing sheet of dressed white cow-skin. On her head was a garland of flowers. Flowers were strewn over her neck and shoulders which were bare. As the procession reached the edge of the water it paused and formed a circle. Wawenaissa for an instant hesitated and swayed to and fro. Then calming herself she walked forward and stepped into her flower laden canoe. Picking up the paddle, she paused and for one moment looked at her father with a yearning steadfast gaze. Then giving a gentle push, she paddled out into the current. As she reached midstream a canoe shot out from under the over hanging trees that fringed the island across from the mainland. In an instant she recognized Nawadaha and stretching out her arms, gave a low cry. But realizing how powerless he was to save her, she stood calm and motionless. As they reached the brink of the Falls the two boats touched, and leaning out the lovers clasped hands. In that one moment they lived a life time, and looking into each other's eyes, they read the undying love written there. Then hand in hand they shot over the Falls. The Great Spirit was appeased.

EXPEDITION OF THE “SEVEN AGAINST THEBES”

ONE evening last June, seven Juniors who are Seniors at present, or at least ought to be, made the noble resolution to become active followers of the “Seven Against Thebes;” in other words, they decided to deck the high school with their colors. Anyone who believes in the doctrine of reincarnation might well have judged from their eloquent speeches and more eloquent actions, that they were actually the original seven. Their undertaking was not as easy as it seems. ’Tis true there were no walls to demolish nor Thebans to kill, but there was something far worse. King Pluto had sent up Cerberus, or rather his descendant; for he had only one head, which, however, was surely more terrible than the three heads of Cerberus. This furious creature had eyes as large as dinner-plates, a fearful growl which sent the cold chills up one’s back, and worst of all, teeth like mill-stones. Thus, at least, the reconnoitering agent of the seven described the beast. In addition to the dog, an Irishman and a German stood guard, both armed to the teeth with corn-cobs, ammonia pistols and rotten eggs.

At this description, three of the doughty warriors suddenly remembered that they were due at home, and the other four were left to discuss what a big “cinch” the original seven had in comparison with their undertaking. At last they adopted the heroic resolution to cut holes in two cans, respectively containing gold and blue paint, to sally boldly pass the school with them, and to scatter the class colors over the entire sidewalk. After considerable deliberation, this resolution was executed, and as fortune favored them (of course because they were members of ’02), they were not molested. Thus their purpose was accomplished, though four pairs of trousers were sadly stained during the exploit.

J A Q U E L I N E

J AQUELINE MANNING sat in her cozy little parlor, apparently a prey to her thoughts. With her elbow on the window-sill, one hand supported her head which drooped slightly forward in a dreamy way. Her other hand held a little note. Her large brown eyes had a vacant stare as she gazed dreamily out at the dull grey sky where long slant rays of carmine told that Apollo had just passed with his fiery team over the western horizon. The beauty and lulling charm of the sky were in no way responsible for the reverie.

Jacqueline is a young writer and a teacher. But she is a not planning a new book, nor is she dreaming of her school work. The little note in her hand, which had arrived early in the afternoon, had caused her to think over her past life. Her early happy childhood had passed before her mental vision like a panorama. Now, as the sun is bidding adieu to this side of the globe, she thinks of the time when, as a young girl, she had entered a home almost every thought of which was painful to her even now. This home was the residence of her father's wealthy uncle, to which she had removed with her brother after the death of their widowed mother. The house and furnishings were beautiful, but they lacked the home-like coziness of the cottage they had just left, where the very atmosphere spoke of love. At the time they entered this new home their recent sorrow lay heavily on their young hearts; but neither the practical business man nor his cold proud wife showed a spark of pity for the two orphans.

The greeting was formal and void of any show of affection. After the aunt had assigned them to their rooms she remarked that she hoped they would be contented and not be troublesome. How could a mother speak thus to two motherless children? That cruel word, troublesome, burned its way into their hearts as though it had been branded there.

The old melodian and the jewel casket, precious heirlooms in the family, which had been brought from the old home, had been carried up to Jacqueline's room. How glad they were to escape from the stifling atmosphere of that library to their own quiet rooms, where they might comfort each other. Jacqueline curled herself up on the foot of the bed and gave vent to her tears. Cass sat down before the fine old instrument and softly played and sang some of the songs that they used to sing in their old home. The notes fell like a balm on the heart of the young girl. She arose and went to her brother's side to mingle her pure contralto with his rich boyish voice.

The housekeeper, who happened at that moment to pass the open door, stopped to watch the two, unobserved. Harriet Mathews' kind motherly heart was touched by their music and their loneliness. Down deep in her good heart she promised that those two motherless children should not know the need of a friend as long as she could serve them. She trembled with apprehension for them when she learned that in a short time they were to attend school with two of their cousins, proud and overhearing children, who, she knew, would openly sneer at and snub them.

The two children were together only in the evening, as both had work to do after school was dismissed for the day. Cass was due at his uncle's business house; Jacqueline had the care of her little cousin Flo, a child three years old. Both children, after their work was done, took advantage of the privilege of using the library where case after case of books invited their perusal. As a result of reading a set of law books, Cass was seized by a desire to become a lawyer. Jacqueline, justly proud of his self-gained knowledge, encouraged all his hopes and plans.

After they had been in their uncle's home two years, they were sent away to school. Cass was to enter a law school to fit himself for the profession he had chosen. Jacqueline, with the intention of becoming a teacher, was to complete her studies at a seminary. As the schools were a great distance apart, the brother and sister could see each other rarely. Between the two had grown a love stronger than any tie of kinship. It was the love of two sympathetic hearts united in a common sorrow. It was indeed

hard for these to be separated for the first time by such a distance and forced to struggle with life's problems alone. Long and painful was the parting scene. Cass, as the older, tried to don a cheerful manner; but before he could control himself he had dropped to the floor at his sister's feet and covered his face in her lap. It was then Jacqueline's turn to comfort. Tenderly the young girl smoothed the thick dark hair from his broad forehead. She only said: "We shall write each other long letters every week. We'll not forget." Just before the cab reached the station, Cass clasped his sister in his arms and imprinted a lingering kiss on her fair brow. After he had seen her safely seated in her car he bade her good-bye and entered another train that was to carry him in an opposite direction.

Although the first few weeks at school were very lonely ones for both, their work occupied their time and they kept in touch with each other by their letters which were eagerly opened and devoured. After a time Cass often came to mention in his letters a friend and classmate, Carl Allen. Once he wrote "He sympathizes keenly with us for he has known the same sorrow that we have known. He is a very dear, kind friend and I know that you would admire him."

After they had been away about two years, Cass, in one of his letters, gave Jacqueline reason to believe that he intended to make her a short visit. With the letter in her hand she stood looking out of the window at the falling snow, when she was startled by the ringing of the teabell. As she walked down the long hall, her mind still busy over the letter, she was joined by Professor Allston, a young man of pleasing personality and fine intellect.

As her teacher, he had learned to appreciate Jacqueline's quick, active brain and true womanliness. Though he was a pleasant companion, it was her womanliness which prevented his being numbered among her friends until he had proved himself a true man. As he had shown himself both manly and courteous, the friendship was a source of pleasure and benefit to both.

This evening, as he walked by her side down the hall, he said that he and his mother were to attend a lecture the next evening, and that he should like her to accompany them. This was the first time he had ever asked Jacqueline to accompany him to any public entertainment and she was surprised. She was about to make a polite refusal, then reconsidered the matter and said: "I should like to meet your mother, and shall be glad to go." She noticed that his anxious face suddenly brightened and his whole manner changed. A few days later, while thinking over the events of that week, she suddenly became aware that this man's regard for her had grown into something dearer than mere friendship—something which she could not return. Young and ignorant of love as she was, she knew intuitively that this man's whole heart was given to her. The revelation caused her no slight regret, for she had found much pleasure in his society.

Some weeks after the first appearance of spring, Jacqueline was thrown into the greatest delight over a telegram from Cass stating that he would arrive in South Hampton that afternoon. So great was her excitement that she overlooked the words, "I bring a friend with me." As the telegram arrived about twenty-five minutes before the train was due, she had just time enough to put on her wraps and go to the station. Down the stairs and through the long hall she almost ran in her haste. School had just been dismissed, but she did not notice Frank Allston standing in a class room door. When he saw the girl's disturbed manner and flushed, eager face, he determined to follow her unobserved.

As there was no street car or cab in sight when she reached the street, Jacqueline started to walk to the station. On reaching it she learned that, as a result of a wreck, the train would be late. A thousand misgivings surged through her mind as she pictured all the horrors of a wreck. She entered the waiting room but, in her agitation, the air within was stifling. She wanted to walk and think. Up and down the long platform she paced, a victim of hopes and fears.

When the young professor, standing in the shadow of a clump of trees, saw the emotion written so clearly on her eloquent face, he longed to tell her of his love and share her sorrows. But he knew only too well that the young girl treasured not a particle of love for him. A deep despair crept into his heart, chilling it as from a blast of an icy north wind, and leaving his face blanched and drawn.

When at last the train pulled in, Jacqueline saw a cot taken from one of the coaches and carried to the waiting room. On

coming nearer she recognized the dear face which she would know among a thousand! With a low cry she ran to the cot, encircled the injured brother in her arms, and covered his face with kisses.

Beside the cot, and clasping one of the man's hands in his, stood a tall broad shouldered young man with curly black hair and clear grey eyes. Carl Allen looked with tender pity at the girlish figure kneeling opposite him. She was entirely unconscious of her surroundings in her passionate grief. His heart was strangely touched by her low moan. "Cass, Cass! Speak to me, your little sister. Oh! speak to me. Dead? No, no, no! It cannot be. It must not be! O, my brother!"

The brother opened his eyes and reached out his hand to smooth the glossy brown curls which hung about her temples. The distracted girl caught the hand in hers and covered it with burning kisses. The injured man then spoke but with an effort -- "Dear sister, don't weep so! I know that it is a sad meeting after our long separation; but He knows best. Carl who has been like a brother to me, has promised, as far as he can, to see that no harm comes to you. So do not cry. Bear up -- I shall soon be at rest. Good-bye, Carl. My dear brave little sister -- good-bye." As the dying brother's eyes closed in their last sleep, Jaqueline fell into a stupor from which she did not rouse until three weeks later.

When she came to herself in her little white bed at the school, her brother had been buried for more than two weeks. The first objects that met her eyes were two clusters of beautiful roses on a little table beside her bed. She took them in her hands to inhale their rich perfume. Down among the leaves were two cards. On one was written "With the love of Frank Allston;" on the other simply "Carl Allen." Grateful tears filled her eyes and trickled over the flowers.

On the last day before returning to his western home, Carl Allen asked to be permitted to see the sister of his lost friend. Harriet Mathews, the retired house keeper of Jaqueline's uncle, had left her home to care for her young friend. She handed the young girl his kindly worded note. Jaqueline nodded to her to answer the note with "yes."

At the close of the interview, he held out his hand kindly and said, "I should like to take your brother's place if I can." She smiled sadly up into his eyes, but shook her head. She extended her hand which he pressed warmly, and then was gone.

The remaining two terms of Jaqueline's school life were spent in trying to drown her sorrow by study. She knew that in the west a young eastern teacher could command a good situation. After her graduation she applied for and secured a desirable position in the western city of V-. It was not a large city but a wealthy, prosperous one. Harriet Mathews purchased a little cottage which Jaqueline tastefully furnished.

Of Carl Allen, Jaqueline had heard nothing except once or twice, accidentally. A school-mate had placed in her hands some college papers in which his name was mentioned. If he knew that Jaqueline had accepted a position in V-- she was not aware that he knew it.

One morning, on her way to school, Jaqueline was surprised to see a sign over an office -- "Carl Allen, Attorney-at-Law." That evening when she returned from her school he was sitting on the little vine covered veranda at her home, talking to Mrs. Mathews. The greeting was cordial and a pleasant conversation followed.

As time went on, Carl Allen, the rising young lawyer, often sat on the veranda and was attentive to Jaqueline, not only because of a promise to a dying brother, but because he had grown to love his friend's pure young sister for her own sake.

On the same day that Jaqueline promised the young attorney to be his wife she received a little note from Frank Allston. In it he told her of his love which he was almost sure was in vain. He wrote, that if her attitude towards him had changed he should know it if she would write her name on his letter and send it to his address.

It is that note which we see in Jaqueline Manning's hand when we look in upon her little parlor. It is that little note which causes her to review her life, its sunshine and its shadow, as she sits by her window gazing out at the sky. We have brought our dreamer up in her reverie to the time we find her. She would doubtless have gone on in dreams of the future had she not been roused by the cheery voice of Carl Allen calling her name.

CECIL E. LINK.

R E C E S S I O N A L

I. O'er the old school house
The shadows softly fall,
Over our school days drawing
The curtain once for all.

II. Never again in those dear old halls
Shall we study our lessons more,
For the days when we did so, happiest days,
Are now become the days of yore.

III. We sit and watch the school house
While the mellow soft lights glow,
And think of the things which have happened,
Since we first to its halls did go.

IV. Four long years ago
As freshmen we entered the door,
Urged by the goads of our parents
Nor knew what we had come for.

V. For one slow moving year
The teachers were our gods,
We trembled at their frowns
And basked in approving nods.

VI. And then we came to the Sophomore year
To the class where our heads grew abnormally large,
Where we thought we could do what the teachers did
And improve on it, too, without charge.

VII. The next year found us Juniors shrewd,
Our heads were now of normal size.
That year we led a busy life;
We realized how fast time flies.

VIII. The fourth year found us Seniors grave
Aged in learning, in years, in ease,
Sublime we rested in harbor safe,
After we'd passed through stormy seas.

IX. But the whole four years have passed away
As a fleetly winging dream.
Four whole long years in rapid flight
Have borne us on their fleeting stream.

X. We'll never forget thee, dear old school,
Nor our teachers, true and kind,
Nor those rollicking years, the happiest
Of our lives, which are left behind.

XI. And now we take a last farewell,
Soon we'll be in a distant land,
Blessed be these tears which silently drop
From our eyelids moist to this hallowed strand,

XII. While o'er the old school house
The shadows softly fall,
Over our school days drawing
The curtain once for all.



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GRACE WILDING: Wait a minute, Roy, dear.

GEORGE DAVIS: Take care, the Annual catches such things as that.

DONNA SAYLOR: Oh, don't put that in.

HAMILTON: What's the use of working when you can go to sleep.

HAZEL LONGACRE: There were seventy large forests and they spoke French.

AGNES LITTLEJOHN. Soon a herd follows in front of the leaders.

MR. LANE: Hilda, have you a note book?

HILDA: No, Sir.

MR. LANE. Well you can't come to class without one. I guess your father is able to buy one.

McMILLEN: What can you say of London and Lanchester, Mr. Parry?

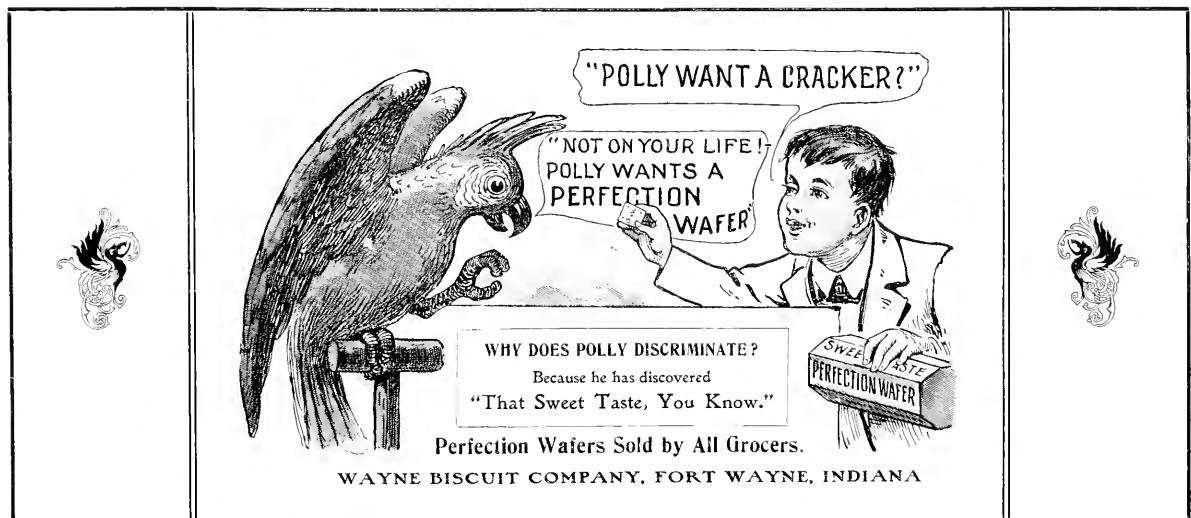
PARRY: Well, _____ London was a rather iarge city.

McMILLEN: And what of Lanchester?

ARTHUR: Well, _____ it was pretty big, too.

McMILLEN: The book is exciting from beginning to start.

CROWE: Take a cold morning when it's hot.



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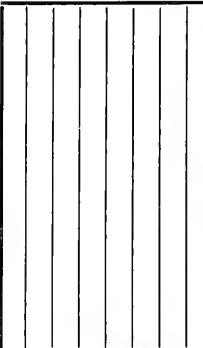
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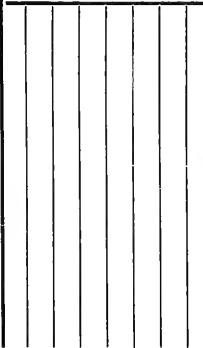
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McMILLEN (to Yarnelle) : Pleased with a rattle, playing with a straw.

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Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
To get a stick of candy.
Jack fell down
And broke his crown
But Jill came in darn handy.

ERMA DOCHTERMANN (translating Latin): The eagle snatches him in his clawed feet—no, I mean his three-pronged feet.

MR. LANE: This boy is a problem and we ought to make an example of him.

CROWE: Robert Feustel used to be a good steady boy, but he has sadly changed in the last month. It must be a bad case!

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APRIL 23. (Edward Olds and Samuel Morris are absent.)
MCMILLEN: Mr. Olds and Mr. Morris are evidently getting married.

Mac. (a little later, speaking of Antony): He could go to a wedding last night and be at recitation this morning.

TITUS (writing on "Signs of Spring."): The young crows have begun to play in the yard and the lanes are rather green.

A. FOSTER: She bewails her woe.

ELIZABETH EVANS (in Greek): I have forgotten what a case is.

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The following extract is taken from Williams' grind book; please find the point:

FELTS: The other day I met Dunten on the street and said, "Hello, Dunten." He said, "Hello, Knight." "Why, my name's not Knight," I said. "No more is mine, Dunten," he said. And here it turned out to be neither one of us.

(Tigar blows his nose while Marion Baker is reading.) MARION: What did you say?

MCMILLEN: Oh, go on! My voice has often been complimented, but never before has it been likened to a Tigar blowing his nose.

A. MCKAY: What was Hannibal doing when Rome was in Syracuse?

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When all my winks in vain are wunk,
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MONA HALE: Ten pounds of mercury weigh more than ten pounds of water.

GLENN SAWYER: The verb has no ending.

MR. VONKAHLDEN: Where?

SAWYER: On the end.

H. WAGENHALS (to Alice Foster): Why don't you buy a pony for a dollar and a half?

ALICE: Oh, I'd rather have a boy.

MR. LANE (to Junior class, after much laughter upon their part): It does not take very much to stir shallow water.

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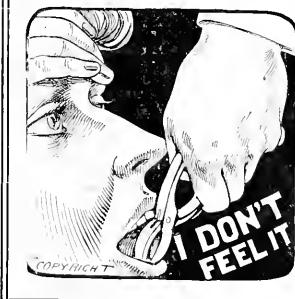
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RASSETTER: He inherited his land to the Romans.

E. GRIFFITHS: The first naval victory was a failure.

MR. LANE (to Miss Elinor Bond): Don't start to tell what you don't know, as it will take forever.

DURNELL: If you go on a tear it's all right, but if your trousers go on a tear it's all wrong.

W. THOMAS: If a dog has a tin can tied to its tail it certainly would be a tale of woe.

WILLSON (at debate): The women and children were literally murdered to death. (Effect—Very pathetic.)



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